

Bottom Dream Smut Shots

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Bottom Dream Smut Shots

by Anonymous

Summary

Requests are still open, feel free to leave yours!

1. Requests.
2. (Wilbur) Omega Dream is in heat and is pissed off because his mate isn't with him.
3. (Technoblade) Camboy Dream receives ridiculous sums of money from a fanboy.
4. (Sam) Flower shop owner Dream has no idea of why this tall, dangerous-looking man entered his store to buy flowers.
5. (George & Sapnap) Dream is into the idea of getting fucked while he is sleeping.
6. (Technoblade & Philza) Prince Dream's brother sends him off in an arranged marriage convinced he will die, but things turn out way too favorable for the omega prince.
7. (Wilbur) Expert sniper Dream is sent to eliminate a spy from his organized crime division, only to realize his target is also his partner in crime.
8. (Fundy) Dream is the grand emperor of the Esempee and is arranged in a marriage with the Second Prince of the Morwen nation.

Requests

It's simple, **leave your request in the comments and I'll write a smut-shot.** Unless I answer your comment and say I won't write the shot, then I've accepted your request and it's a matter of time.

Updates are inconsistent. The date of the request doesn't affect when the shot will be posted. If I pick interest in a particular request, I might write it before others; but every request will be written eventually.

I will not do: underage, rape/non-con, bestiality, scat, extreme bondage, or any 'extreme kinks'.

As it says in the title, this book is dedicated entirely to **bottom Dream shots**, I will not do other pairing or write Dream as a top.

Read the tags. If you dislike this type of content, I heavily recommend you to leave. This type of content is not meant for the creators. I do not ship their real-life personas but their characters in roleplay.

Feel free to leave your requests, I will answer you as soon as your requested shot is out. Have a wonderful day and take care! <3

Alpha!Wilbur x Dominant!Omega!Dream | Heat

Chapter Summary

Request from QQ; "I would love to see a dominant omega Dream, please."

Chapter Notes

Contains: Alpha/Omega Dynamics, Mentions of Hybrids, Omega in Heat, Dominant Bottom.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Scent Of Home.

Dream was pissed off and didn't hesitate to show it by growling into his brother's shoulder. Jschlatt would've laughed at him if it wasn't because his little brother's body trembled in pain and his usual fresh honeyed apple scent was now a disgusting, sweetly rotten aroma, showing how deeply upset his inner spirit was. The ram-hybrid rubbed his little brother's back with soothing circles, letting his own smoky whiskey scent surround him gently, but the whimpering body in his arms didn't stop whispering curses towards a certain brunette.

"That fucking stupid chicken," Dream cursed. He pressed his nose into his older brother's scent gland, inhaling deeply, only to let out a whimper when the smoky whiskey scent reminded him of the ashy cedarwood scent of his mate.

Fuck alphas for smelling so similar.

"Need a heating pack for your belly?," Jschlatt asked softly, pressing his hand softly in the other's tummy, but taking it away immediately when Dream whimpered.

"I need his dick inside me right *now*, or I'll go insane," the blond pouted, his sheep ears flat in his golden locks, and Jschlatt couldn't understand how he could look so adorable even when saying such words.

Wilbur ran as if his life depended on it. And it did, considering how pissed off his mate sounded in the call. He could hear his twin brother shouting at him to use a condom, but he couldn't pull himself to be embarrassed when his legs protested as he jumped out of the car as soon as it stopped moving. He felt guilty even before Dream's heat when his father organized a not-optional vacation, but the blond assure him it was alright with a kiss and told him to have fun.

Philza assured Wilbur they would get home either one day before Dream's pre-heat or its day. Then this very stupid brother of his called Tommy refused to leave the hotel until he tried all the amusement options it offered. It took the gremlin child three extra days, three days of agony for Wilbur, as he received messages from his mate's siblings and threatening notes from a certain ram-hybrid that despised him.

The door opened before he could ring the bell, revealing Jschlatt with a deep frown. Wilbur cursed his luck as he greeted his mate's older brother, receiving a groan in acknowledgment with a not-so-kind, "You're late."

"I know," Wilbur replied with the most gentle smile he could pull up at those moments, but Jschlatt didn't spare him a glance as he guided him inside the familiar home. The usually homey aroma was replaced by a distressed, rotten scent with a hint of disgusting sweetness, and it only got stronger as the two alphas walked up the stairs.

"Even if the walls are soundproof, I can't stand the idea of being in the same house with you doing that to *my* angel, so I'm leaving," Jschlatt commented as he eyed Wilbur with his always present but not less scary protectiveness.

The ram-hybrid sighed heavily, pointing towards a familiar wooden door with a crudely drawn smiley face. "If *he* needs anything I can provide, call me," Jschlatt's tone was unusually gentle and then, he left.

Wilbur heard his footsteps descending the creaking wooden stairs and the front door opening and closing. He heard nothing else but his own heart pounding violently in his chest. He breathed deeply the rotten scent, almost coughing the knot in his throat.

The door soundlessly opened, and Wilbur froze with his hand on the knob, breath hitching at the delightful view that greeted him. It hit him hard, both the underlying sweetness in the rotten scent and the bold display of Dream's naked body in the bed. Flecked sun-kissed skin covered in sweat, brows frowned with closed eyes, and swollen lips parted with a shameless moan every time he dropped his body down in a thick dildo. Yet his scent remained distressed, and he whimpered, a tiny sound that made Wilbur's heart jump even more violently.

"Dream," Wilbur called softly, not wanting to scare the blond. He let his own ashy cedarwood scent slowly, letting it soothe the omega as he approached carefully. He watched how the omega's long eyelashes fluttered, revealing teary green eyes with dilated pupils.

"Fuck you," Dream pouted making grabby hands towards the alpha, demanding him to be close. His mind lost in desire, and his body felt like in a fire. Hole too needy and empty.

"Alpha's here, baby," Wilbur held one of the stretched hands and used his free hand to brush off the golden locks from the omega's face. He grazed the flecked flushed cheeks, letting little kisses on his mate's nose and then on his lips. He noticed how the scent of fresh honeyed apple erupted as the cute sheep ears twitched excitedly.

"You're finally here," Dream accused, moaning softly as he raised up and tossed the sex toy aside in favor of sitting on the alpha's lap and pressing his nose to the scent gland, inhaling the relaxing aroma, letting a happy sound as he did.

Wilbur hummed as a response. With his left hand still intertwined with his mate's, he used his right one to squeeze his ass before pressing teasingly around the needy hole clenching around nothing. "You're really wet," he whispered into the omega's ear, enjoying how his entire body trembled.

"I'm way too horny for teasing," Dream groaned, pressing his ass down, trying to get some kind of stimulation. He whimpered when Wilbur retreated his hand to hold his waist with a mocking laugh.

"If you won't fuck me, I will fuck myself."

Wilbur's heated brain barely registered he was pushed, landing on his back on the soft mattress, and then the cold air brushed against his now exposed legs and crotch. His eyes met intoxicating green ones as Dream stared at him with his lips pressed against his half-hardened dick. The warm breath made him shiver as a wet tongue explored his shaft, sucking expertly at sensible areas and stroking lazily, spreading the thick slick as Dream kitten-licked his pre-cum.

Just from the view, Wilbur might have pathetically cummed. But he didn't because the omega got his hands away, causing the alpha to grunt and dig his fingers in the waist's soft skin.

Dream looked down as he positioned himself on top of Wilbur's crotch, pressing his lips as he lowered himself, but abruptly stopped to look at the alpha with eyes moist with lust. Wilbur's heart exploded at how, even when the omega was completely lost in his heat, he still wanted his consent before doing anything.

And Wilbur was not that stupid to neglect him more.

"Go on baby, fuck yourself with alpha's dick," he tried his best to sound dominant, only for his breath to hitch in his throat as he felt tightness around him, soft walls clenching as Dream lowered himself with a shameless moan.

"Ah, fuck, fuck, fuck," Dream muttered like a mantra. He felt so full and hot. Wilbur's breath in his neck felt like fire burning his skin, and he whimpered when he softly bit his scent gland. He moaned loudly when he pulled himself up, dropping down with a wet clenching sound as slick pooled messily.

Wilbur thrust up every time Dream sank down. He moaned every time the soft, hot walls clenched around his sensible dick. He kissed the scent gland and around it, enjoying the sweet taste missed with salty sweat as he spread bite marks and red patches throughout his clavicle. He rubbed the sensible red nipples, pinching them softly to earn a sob from the omega.

"Fuck, it's so big," Dream whispered with his hands grasping brunette locks, mind completely fogged in pleasure as he tried to press himself down harder and faster. A particular thrust made him whimper loudly and shook his body with pleasure.

Wilbur felt himself being pushed down for a second time, this time his head landed on a pillow, and Dream's hands pressed to his chest. The omega smirked at him as he pressed down again, and that went directly to Wilbur's growing knot.

Dream leaned towards Wilbur, using his chest as support as he shallowly moved before slamming down, earning a loud moan from both. Dream felt the alpha's knot swelling and catching on his sensitive rim and hitting that spot that made him see stars. He felt like crying at the sensation of heat in his belly and chased the satisfaction of his release, shoving down mercilessly as his nails dig into the alpha's chest. His vision white-out as his eyes rolled back in his skull, letting a cry as he finally came untouched, legs shaking as he slammed back and whimpering when the knot expanded fully, filling him up.

"Fuck, that was hot," the omega's voice was hoarse. He cleared his throat to no avail, and dropped himself on top of his alpha, earning a huff and a smack in his ass.

"Wan' some cuddles while my knot goes down?" Wilbur's voice was husky but gentle as he littered kisses on his mate's cheek, the other one pressed in his chest as Dream played with his hair mindlessly. The omega hummed, sinking his face in Wilbur's neck to inhale more of the addicting scent. "Missed ya," he mumbled, barely audible.

"I missed you too, Dreamy."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Stay hydrated and have a nice day/evening!

Kudos, comments, and constructed criticism are appreciated. <3

Camboy!Dream x Technoblade | Daddy Kink & Name Calling

Chapter Summary

Request from guest; "camboy dream. any pairing is fine. maybe some daddy kink or name calling, idk. i just really, really want to read a camboy dream one-shot."

Chapter Notes

Contains: Virtual Sex, Name Calling, Slight Daddy Kink.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Pretty As He Can Be

Technoblade is not a simp.

That \$5,000 decrease in his bank account? Definitely not money he spent on a pretty blond cam boy.

Definitely no.

Well, maybe, just maybe, Technoblade might be simping a bit over a stranger on the Internet.

In his defense, he is not the only one simping over Dream. ~~Although he wishes he was.~~

Like any other Friday night for the last two months, Technoblade prepared his laptop desk in his bed and grabbed a bottle of water along with a box of tissues. The laptop's screen showed there were still 4 minutes left before the stream along with a ":", so Technoblade took his time to settle down in bed. He stripped off his sports pants and got comfortable with a soft pillow on his back.

Reflected on the black screen, Technoblade could see his own reflection of messy pink locks in a bun and deep crimson eyes staring back at himself. Half a minute was left on the counter and the pinkette moved his leg impatiently, cracking his knuckles to distract himself from the torturous waiting. Finally, the timer finished with a soft beep before turning on the camera.

In all his glory was Dream, sitting over his legs. His blond curls were messy as always, adorning his cute yet attractive face adorned with freckles that Technoblade adored. He greeted his rapidly growing audience with a wide smile that caused a smaller one on Technoblade, who didn't think much before dropping a \$15 donation with a simple **"hello"**.

"Oh~ hello again, Blade," Dream greeted with a light chuckle. Technoblade's breath stopped. Did he just got recognized by the man he jerked off to every Friday? The same man he couldn't stop thinking about despite telling himself it was only a temporary thing? The man he spent thousands of dollars in less than a year? His chest puffed proudly after being noticed by the beauty he was definitely not simping for.

Damn, I also wanna be recognized by Dream):

dream your so pretty

Who tf is blade?

so beautiful

hello dream! :)

"Let's start, shall we?," Dream smirked, separating his legs slightly, enough for the camera to capture his naked crotch, covered by the oversized green pastel hoodie he was wearing and nothing more. Technoblade stared at his bare long legs, not extremely muscled, with fat in the right places, especially in his bum. He wondered if it would feel as soft as it seemed and how long would a couple of pretty bite marks last. As if he would ever get a chance to do so.

what i would give to touch those legs

Dream could choke me with those tights and I'll thank him

same, it'll be nice way to die

"A fan sent me a toy I am really interested in, so I am going to try it today," Dream laughed at how the chat went wild with the statement, some people asking how to send him gifts and others guessing what toy it was. Technoblade stared at the blond's sly smile as he considered sending him a set of black lingerie; not that he had thought about it before going to bed some nights ago only to get a hard-on, of course not.

The mental image he had of flecked creamy skin adorned with lacy black panties and long stockings dissolved soon enough for him to focus back on the screen. His eyes widened at the sight of a fat ass purposely stuck out as Dream reached out for something on the back, intentionally moving his rear teasingly. He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding when Dream sat back in his original position with a black object in his hand, a sort of weirdly curved dildo.

"It's a prostate massager according to the note inside the package," as if proving his words, Dream showed a small black device with three buttons. He experimentally pressed one and the toy began vibrating softly earning a raised brow from the blond. He pressed the same button again and the vibration increased. The same happened as he pressed the button two more times. At the fourth time, it vibrated violently and Dream felt himself harden at the thought of having it inside of him mercilessly forcing an orgasm out of him.

"Shall I go slow or just shove it in?" the blond asked as he got to spread his legs towards the camera, pulling off his hoodie revealing more flecked skin and two cute redbuds. Technoblade knew how sensible his nipples were, still remembering how he sobbed last time a donator asked him to play with them until they were bruised. He opened a tab for donating \$30 along with the message "**take it slow, baby**" because as much as the pinkette loved seeing Dream shaking in violent pleasure, he preferred him to start slow and then build up to not hurt himself.

"Blade said 'take it slow', hm," the blond's attention towards him made his heart flutter, even more, when other donators were ignored (or that's what the pinkette likes to think). He watched as Dream laid down on the bed, spreading more his legs to give a clear view of his ass, and instead of his

pretty pink hole, there was a plug. The idea that Dream had it inside his ass even before the beginning of the stream shot sparks directly to Technoblade's dick.

bro, who tf is blade

omg

Damn, that's hot

uh oh he was playing with himself

Technoblade caught a glimpse of the wild messages on a side of his screen before focusing on the wet sound of the plug being taken out with a soft whimper leaving an empty hole clenching around nothing. That didn't last long as Dream impatiently lubed the toy before pressing it inside slowly as requested by his top donator. He felt his rim resist for a second before it easily filled him up with an unfamiliar angle. His brows were furrowed as he focused on the new sensation caused by the weird position of the toy. Soft pants leaving his bitten lips were interrupted as he moaned loudly when it was fully inside, the tip resting directly on his prostate with any small movement of his causing a shot of shaking pleasure throughout his body.

"Oh, fuck, uhm," Dream whispered as his chest rose and fell quickly with his breathing. He opened his teary eyes and glanced at the screen, watching how the messages passed too quickly for his lust-filled mind to process. The familiar sound of a donation caught his attention and he felt unexplainably happy when he read its nickname with his stomach curling with anticipation.

Blade donated \$30. Turn it on medium, pretty boy

Dream whimpered at the nickname. For some reason, he got excited every time this donor of his, Blade, made a comment or request. In each session, he used to make reminders such as to take water or to stop biting his lips so hard, little things like those that made his heart flutter contently. Other times, he would make bold requests that made Dream feel things he had never felt before, not only in a sexual way.

Deciding he was prepared enough, Dream turned on the device in the second level right off the bat. It sent a shiver down his spine and he panted heavily, letting out a moan at the vibrations directly in his soft spot that made his leg shake. The pleasure overwhelmed him for a second, his mind blanked as he grasped the white sheets of his bed for dear life. If that was the second level, he couldn't wait until the last one.

Westly donated \$50. How does it feel, baby?

Dream pouted trying to ignore his disappointment from it not being a message from Blade. Still, he answered the donor's question with panting breaths and soft moans, "It feels good, uhm, it-it's so deep and oh, it's so good."

Blade donated \$100. Can you turn it all the way up for me, babe? Wanna see ya screaming and shaking so bad

Green eyes widened at the amount on the screen. If his mind wasn't clouded with desire, he would have given it a second thought. He hummed as a reply, whimpering "Blade", not noticing how the chat went wild as he pressed the remote. The vibrations immediately turned violent, abusing his

prostate mercilessly as he moaned loudly, pressing himself down the toy, feeling the heat pool in his stomach too quickly.

Even if masturbation was a large part of his job, Dream never experienced something similar to this. There was the familiar heat in his belly boiling up but the weird angle of the toy made it ten times better, pressing directly on his prostate and sending shaking pleasure through all his cells. He whimpered at his painfully hard, leaking cock, choking a moan as he felt wet, hot tears falling from the stimulation alone. "Ca-can I, uhm, touch myself, plea-se?," Dream spluttered, blinking away the tears so he could focus on the donations popping up, hoping to see the name 'Blade' somewhere.

XxStarsxX donated \$30. little poor thing is crying, come on baby, finish yourself (:

GORG donated \$50. Touch yourself sweetie

anom donated \$69. wanna see you cum, dreamy

Vanilla donated \$25. Look at you shaking so badly just from a toy, come on baby, cum

Swallowing up his disappointment, Dream reached out to palm himself, whimpering at how sensible his dick was. He spread out the pre-cum through the shack, breathing out shakily and moaning at the sensation. He flickered his eyes between the wet mess between his legs and the screen of the stream, more donations were popping up mostly asking him to finish off. His heart raced faster as a familiar name popped out on the screen, message made him whimper as he forced his hands away from his dick to sink his nails into his palm.

Blade donated \$250. Come untouched for me, baby, can you do that?

Technoblade smirked at the "fuck you, Blade" with an endearing pout he received for his petition, but he knew better. In the last two months, he had learned how much the blond enjoyed finishing untouched. He breathed out as he focused back his attention on his dripping cock, pumping himself while admiring the sweat-covered body adorned with all the constellations in the form of freckles. Teary eyes stared at the camera directly, cheeks and chest blushed ripe vermilion with swollen rosy lips parted in messy moans and pants. An image that went directly to the pinkette's dick. His hand moved quicker, bucking his hips up to chase his orgasm. It hit him hard as Dream suddenly shivered harder, letting out a pornographic moan while finishing over himself and the bedsheets. Technoblade followed with a groan, pumping himself slowly as his dick softened.

The pinkette relaxed his breathing in an attempt to relax his violent pounding heart as he grabbed some tissues to clean up his mess while listening to Dream's little whimpers and pants as he got down from his high and turned off the toy before getting overstimulated. Technoblade arched a brow at that. It was unusual for the blond to end the stream so quickly, especially with so many emerging donations asking him to keep the toy turned on.

Dream read the messages, chuckling at his audience's desperation as he gulped down half a water bottle. Intentional or not intentional, various droplets fell from his lips trailing down his exposed neck. The skin looked so markable for Technoblade, but he knows there is no possible chance for him. Whipping the depressing thought away, he focused his attention on the blond as he spoke again with a raspy voice.

"Today I'ma end earlier because I've prepared a special gift for a certain special donor. So~, thanks

for watching! I love you guys, stay hydrated and take care!", the smile on Dream's face was painfully excited. Technoblade's first reaction was the same as the chat that began questioning who this "special donor" could be. Something weird bubbled from his insides, rooting him to the soft sheets of his bed as he stared at the now black screen of the cam boy.

He was not a simp.

Dream was just a cam boy. A pretty stranger at most.

He did this for amusement, not because he was attracted to the cam boy and found his adorable reactions endearing.

Then, why did his chest felt so tight?

Technoblade sat on his bed, letting the cold air and soft rumbling of the air conditioning calm down his speedy thoughts. He considered watching some trash program to distract his mind for the rest of the evening, it wasn't as if he had anything else to do. He had planned to watch Dream for the rest of the evening. A ding broke him off his thoughts, letting him know he had a new message. All his previous negativity was replaced by excitement as he opened his DM, seeing the recent message sent to him by Dream. They had exchanged messages before, the blond thanked him for his donations and jokingly telling him to not spend all his money on him. ~~Although Technoblade would gladly do so.~~

Hey Blade, are you up for a little private show? ;)

Technoblade was not a simp, but he has to admit he almost screamed. His fingers quickly typed an answer. He tried to reply casually as if he wasn't dying of jealousy a minute ago.

That'll be sweet, baby, today's show was too short for me :)

He erased the smiley face, not wanting to it seem creepy. The reply was a link he clicked immediately. A new tab popped out, similar to the Google Meet platform his company used for their meetings. He had the option to turn on his webcam and microphone, leave the call or write a message. The only other person there was Dream, his camera turned off leaving only his smiley face logo. Technoblade tapped his finger in his still naked leg, slowing processing that he was in a private call with the man he had thought about so much lately, and he gripped his sheets as he felt his body *vibrating*.

"Hello, Blade~," Dream had an excited smile on his face when his camera turned on. He wore his hoodie again. The pinkette noticed how his cheeks were slightly blushed, highlighting his pretty freckles. His bitten lips had a sly smile with messy gold threats embracing his adorable face. Technoblade moved his cursor to the microphone out of habit but stopped. He decided to type a message, **"hey, pretty boy"**.

The blond giggled so softly Technoblade's brain short-circuited. "So~ I'm all yours tonight Blade, what should we do?," Dream ended with a hum, licking over his lips as he waited for an answer from his ~~favorite~~ top donor. He expected one bold request or maybe a comment, but not a question.

Are you hungry?

"Huh?," the blond's confused expression was something new and adorable for Technoblade. The

camboy fidgeted nervously with the hem of his hoodie for a second, and the pinkette started to worry that maybe his message sounded creepy or-

"Thanks for your concern Blade, but I'm not," Dream responded with a soft smile, not his usual sly one. He shifted his weight, letting a little whimper. Technoblade quickly asked about it.

You got hurt?

"Oh- no, no, it's not that," the blond lowered his head, cheeks flushing more as he did. Technoblade began worrying that maybe the blond had hurt himself and was embarrassed to admit it and end the session. He typed a message but stopped before sending it, maybe it'll be better for him to talk. His worry consumed his nervousness as he opened his microphone, not filtering his words as he usually did.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh-," Dream quickly looked at the screen, swollen lips parted as he stopped a shiver. Fuck, he never thought Blade's voice would be so hot. He had speculated his top donor to be a man, and maybe sometimes he imagined how he would look and sound like. Yet, never in his wildest imaginations could he conjecture his voice to be so deep and monotone, yet laced with worry that made him feel hot and giggly.

"Dream?"

"I'm all right, just got distracted," Dream admitted, feeling an unusual nervousness filling up his stomach. He didn't even feel this embarrassed the first time he streamed. He had confidence in the beginning, but it faded away as soon as Blade's monotone voice called his name.

"Are you sure?," his tone softened and Dream nodded, giving a small smile. "If you are in pain, we can stop, all right babe? I don't want ya to get hurt."

Dream loved the gentleness of his top donor, it made him feel adored and cared for. He nodded again, adjusting his position to turn around. His heart raced faster, pumping more hot blood to his already flushed face as he positioned himself face down, hugging and pressing his clothed chest to a pillow previously positioned there. He lifted up his ass, spreading his legs slightly. It's not his first time doing this, yet it felt as if it was. He heard a gasp.

"Oh, that's the reason," Technoblade spoke with his gaze fixed at the view of the base of the dildo poking out of the blond's hole. That's why he shifted uncomfortably, he still had the thing inside of him. He admired the flushed back and hardened cock of the boy and he licked his lips.

"Wha-what should I do, daddy?," Dream had the audacity to sound so adorable and nervous, and Technoblade's *hearts* fluttered with the given nickname. Dream had never called anyone like that before on stream. He swallowed loudly, earning a little giggle that made him smile despite the situation.

"Can you turn it on for me, babe?" the pinkette requested, seeing how Dream nodded before his legs began shaking again with a long moan. Technoblade took his time to appreciate the plump ass with littered freckles. Damn, what he would give to grope and sink his teeth into the creamy skin, have Dream squirming and moaning his name as he came untouched. He palmed his hard-on, fascinated by how the blond's hole clenched around the toy, legs shaking as he let out moans and whimpers. The idea that Dream was doing this for him and only him made him feel even more

aroused.

"Do you not like it?" Dream suddenly choked out turning his face with a pout and a frown. Technoblade wanted to face-palm himself for losing his mind in dirty thoughts instead of saying all the things he wished he could say to the blond. While he scolded himself, the blond added, "I-I mean, this is my first time doing this kind of stuff, and, well, you know..."

"I'm sorry baby, I lost myself in that cute ass of yours," he replied trying to stop his hands from shaking and relief washed over him when he heard the other giggle out, "liar."

"Don't believe me baby?," Technoblade didn't expect an answer, instead he moved his webcam so that it pointed away from his face. He clicked his camera open and adjusted the device so that it focused entirely on his dripping dick. The sharp breath Dream let out boosted his ego as he stroked himself slowly.

"Let Daddy show you how excited he is for you, baby."

"Fuck," Dream muttered with wide lips as he stared at the very hard glossy dick. The vibrating toy inside of him didn't help much as he considered how Blade's cock was at least two times thicker than the toy and he suddenly felt too empty.

"See how hard you made daddy?" Technoblade's voice was breathy as he pumped himself slowly, spreading the pre-cum and Dream wondered how it will taste. His own cock pulsated and he nodded, whimpering a little.

"Come on, baby, why don't you turn the vibrations higher? The first level won't be enough for that slutty hole of yours," the pinkette cherished the moan Dream let out at that.

Dream shook his head and stated, "I wanna play with another toy daddy, wait a sec'," as he rolled on his back and then moved out of the frame, leaving a very confused Technoblade behind. The pinkette heard a pant and a whimper, then a cabinet opening and closing before Dream came back with a playful smile and something hidden in his back.

"What's that, babe?," Technoblade asked raising an eyebrow even when he knew that Dream couldn't see it. The blond didn't answer and instead showed him the object behind his back. The pinkette felt his dick pulsating as he stared at the lime-colored silicone dick-shaped toy. He could guess it was about the same length as his own cock, although smaller in thickness.

"Aw, baby, you want daddy's cock so badly?," Dream shivered, nodding eagerly as he cried out, "Daddy". His body burned and his hole felt so wet and *empty*. He stared at the screen and heard Technoblade chuckle. Fuck, even his chuckles were so deep.

"Go on baby, fuck yourself with that pretty toy of yours, open up your needy hole for daddy," Dream swallowed hard at the words, he could've easily cummed listening to him talk that way.

The blond didn't spare a second thought as he quickly lubed up the toy. He lowered himself down to it, gasping as he felt the thick head spread out his abused rim, moaning when it spread out his walls so heavenly and whimpered when he finally pushed it all inside, filling him to the brim. That was the biggest dildo he had in his collection and although he usually favored vibrators, he felt at bliss at that moment.

"Does it feel good baby?, having your little hole filled with cock?," Technoblade asked, watching

attentively how the blond shivered with his voice. It made him proud, having Dream reacting so nicely to his sole words.

Dream nodded quickly, looking up to see how Blade stroked himself with a steady slow pace and he chocked out, "Wished it was yours, daddy."

"Daddy's gonna make that wish come true someday darling, just wait, all right?," the pinkette smiled at the excitement in those teary green eyes, "Fuck yourself, baby, show Daddy what a needy boy you are."

Excitement bubbled up his stomach as Dream considered the idea of meeting the man in real life. Lust blinded his rational side screaming at him the possible dangers of meeting a stranger from the Internet. But he only had to imagine those veiny hands roaming his body and playing with him and the fear was replaced with eagerness.

Dream lifted himself up experimentally and pushed down, moaning at the delicious sensation. He focused his eyes on the screen, beginning a slow pace as he imagined it wasn't a toy but Blade's dick inside of him, pushing himself delightfully open with every sinful trip out and into his clenching hole, forcing shameless moans and whimpers out of his swollen lips. Blade's words only pushed him into his orgasm faster, his dirty words mixed with his deep voice made his belly quiver.

"You're doing so well, baby, such a good boy, wanna cum for Daddy, uhm? You did so well darling, you're taking it so well. Go on babe, cum for Daddy," Technoblade panted as mumbled his words loud enough for the microphone to pick it up. He now knew that Dream had a praise kink as he moaned loudly at the compliments. The blond sank himself in the dildo with a sob, tears streaming down his face as he grasped the bed sheets hard and froze for a second before sobbed a little. His eyes focused on the screen again, watching as the person on the screen pumped his load messily with a growl.

They both remained quiet as their breathings evened out. Dream lifted himself up the toy, whimpering at the loss and the sensibility of his rim. He swallowed loudly and wished he had got a bottle of water before the session. Technoblade reached out for something and then the camera moved up. Dream felt his eye widen from the surprise as he let out a low "fuck."

Disordered long pink locks framed a strong jaw, deep ruby eyes stared back at him with a slightly crooked nose and lips pressed in a thin line. Fuck, why was this man so attractive?! Blade's eyes looked away from his and he heard tapping.

"You're really pretty, Blade" Dream whispered as if it was a secret and he felt his stomach shiver at the snicker the pinkette let out, causing him to let out a giggle. The ridiculous situation felt so comfortable.

"So, first time huh?," the pinkette asked raising a perfect eyebrow at him and Dream felt his heart stop for a second.

"Ye-yeah, well, you're the first one," he replied trying to not sound as if his throat was fucked up from moaning but his raspy voice didn't help much.

"Go drink some water, baby, can you?," Blade asked gently with his lips curling up slightly and Dream nodded eagerly, telling him to wait a second before moving out of bed. He took advantage of the opportunity to clean himself quickly and grab a glass of water before going back to his

bedroom.

"I'm back," he greeted as he sat down in bed, stretching his legs and gulping down the water as he stared at the screen. Blade left for something, he guessed, watching the pillow and empty bed. He waited patiently as he drank the water, his brain slowly processing what he did. He called some stranger daddy and masturbated himself following the stranger's ~~very seductive~~ voice. And he found himself feeling upset at the thought that it wasn't going to happen again.

"What's wrong, baby?," Blade's deep voice kicked him out of his crazy thoughts and he realized he was pouting. He shook his head, shuddering away from the negativeness. This man donated an insane amount of money every stream since he randomly popped out, even if he wasn't attracted to him, he still enjoyed watching his body. If not, why would he spend so much money on a cam boy?

"Was thinking about how to invite you to another special show," Dream confessed pressing his lips after, paying attention to how the carmine eyes widened followed by a soft smile.

"Whenever you want, baby," his reply almost made Dream squeal in emotion. The blond stared at the pinkette who smiled back at him, drinking down half a bottle of water before discarding the flask somewhere.

Dream considered it for a moment and took a deep breath, he tried to ignore his anxiety as he pushed the words out of his mouth nervously, "Maybe we can meet up...?" He avoided looking at the screen, too afraid to see a judging look from the other. Fuck, why did he care so much about his reaction?

"That, that'll be wonderful," Technoblade forced himself to reply, trying to not giggle stupidly as his insides squirmed happily at the blond's invitation.

Dream let out a long breath, finally smiling at the positive answer. As soon as the anxiety left his shoulder, they were weighted down with tiredness, the consequence of two consecutive intense orgasms. He yawned, stretching his arms up and hearing his back crack pleasantly.

"Go to sleep baby, you need it," Technoblade said gently, yawning seconds later.

"Only if you go to sleep too."

"All right, baby. Take a shower and go to bed, can you do that for me, darling?"

"Yeah..." Dream considered it for a second before whispering out, "thank you, Blade."

"Name's Technoblade, although you can call me Daddy," Technoblade replied, smiling softly when listening to Dream giggles, "I enjoy your company, Dream, and I want you to be comfortable and feel safe."

"I-I... thanks, uhm, go to sleep, 'kay?"

"Okay. Good night, Dream."

"Good night Techie, sweet dreams."

Glassy green eyes stared at deep carmine ones for a long time before they both decided to leave at

the same time. Technoblade sat down with his closed laptop, passing his hand over his messy long hair as his breath quickened at the realization of what he had just done. He smiled widely at the idea of meeting Dream in some cafeteria and a sudden rush of energy made him giggle at nothing specifically while thinking of all the places he could take the blond to visit.

He couldn't wait to see Dream again.

Technoblade is ~~not~~ a simp.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this shot! Drink water and take care!

Just a little note: I will take all requests, but some will be posted before others because of my sudden rushes of creativity.

Kudos, comments, and constructive criticism are all welcomed! <3

MafiaBoss!Sam x FlowershopOwner!Dream | Hybrids

Chapter Summary

Request from EclipseKuran; "Uh, would it be alright if I requested Mafia Boss!Sam with Flowershop Owner!Dream? Cliche as hell, I know. Uhm, could they also be hybrids? Sam a Creeper and Dream a Sheep"

Chapter Notes

Contains: Mentions of Mafia, Lap Sex, Floral Language, Hybrids (Not Alpha/Omega Dynamic).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Every Rose Has Its Thorns

The generalization that mafia bosses are heartless, calculating, and flawless individuals are erroneous. Sam was anything but flawless; he fucked up, and very badly sometimes. Yet, he had never felt so much embarrassment in his whole entire life that the moment he stepped into the establishment and realized he entered the wrong place. The hanging bells chimed softly, announcing his presence as his expensive black Derby shoes stepped on the pastel green carpet. He was so lost considering all the possible outcomes of today's meeting that he ignored the bright flowers placed in the metal stands outside the flower shop.

"Boss... I think this is not the place," one of his workers, Ether, pointed out the obvious but Sam couldn't pull himself to bother as he took in the sight of the most ethereal being he has even had the chance to lay his eyes on.

Behind the counter stood an *angel* with long fluffy blond hair that looked as gold under the sun rays entering through the window in the back, giving his body a soft glow as if he descended from heaven directly to Sam's heart. His emerald eyes stared back at Sam, long golden eyelashes blinking in confusion, and pink lips parted. Sam wondered if they would be as soft as they seemed. And as if the stranger was not cute enough, two fluffy sheep ears popped out of nowhere, twitching curiously as their eyes crossed.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen!" Dream managed to greet cheerfully. It had been a slow afternoon and he began to feel bored when this group of threatening-looking men wearing expensive black suits entered his humble shop. He began considering if one of his chaotic siblings had offended someone important. It wasn't entirely impossible considering Drista's obsession with stabbing people with forks and Tubbo's strange definition of "fun". But instead of running away because his father raised no coward, Dream stood his ground and acted as if they were simple customers. But he was nervous, so nervous his hybrid ears popped out without his consent, but more of pure survival instinct.

"Oh, uhm, yeah, good afternoon," a gentle voice greeted him. Not the type of gentle that one could

force out to give a good impression, but the type of gentle belonging to a person with a naturally kind disposition. Or that's what Dream considered as he glimpsed the taller man. He had neatly combed deep green hair, almost black, but under the artificial lights, it seemed greenish. His eyes were a deep yet bright green, a much more intense tone than Dream's own. The eyes of a predator, Dream inferred wearily. He definitely was not a human as his skin had some patches of a weird tone of green. It made Dream regret thinking he might be a gentle person at first, and that made him even more anxious as to the true intention of this strange man. It didn't help as the men behind him looked fitted for battle; not muscles you could gain going to the gym, but little details such as their calloused hands in a position ready to either grab a gun or his neck and choked the life out of him.

"Can I help you with anything?," Dream offered with a stiff smile. Even if this group of men seemed capable of shooting him dead at that moment, he had a business to run and flowers to sell. ~~Even if his instincts screamed at him to turn around and run for dear life.~~

"No—"

"Yes, please," the tall stranger interrupted his companion, approaching the counter and it took all of Dream's self-control to not move back. The blond breathed in slowly, eyes unfocusing as he tried to calm down his quick heart. He quickly went over what to say to get out of that situation before his heart failed.

"What type of arrangement are you looking for, sir?" Dream offered, trying to stop his voice from shaking. Averting his eyes from the tall man, he stares at the others. Six, he counted, and they all dressed the same black suit, same shoes, and black gloves. The tall man did wear a suit too, but he had a deep green coat draped on his shoulders, secured by a golden chain. Each of them had one specific green symbol whether it was stamped in their gloves or hanging in an earring. Although he couldn't recognize the symbol, that certainly was not a good sign.

"Please call me Sam," the man smiled and it would've been attractive for Dream if it wasn't because his neck's hair stood up when the man— *Sam* offered him his hand. He forced himself to shake his hand, focusing on stopping his limb from shaking only for his heart to stop beating when he felt warm lips pressing a soft kiss on the back of his hand.

"Dre-Dream," he muttered neglecting his dizziness as he retreaded his hand as if the soft lips burned. Noticing the confused look in the other's eyes, he quickly forced out a smile, "my name's Dream."

"Oh, that's unexpected," Sam chuckled lightly and Dream could only nod stupidly while trying to think what to say to finish quickly. He settled in asking, "So, what kind of flowers are you looking for, Sam?"

"I'm meeting up with someone I don't like, but I have to be polite," Sam answered truthfully, eyes focusing on emerald ones. He noticed how tensed up the blond was and tried his best to seem harmless, which was the complete opposite of his intimidating facade. Paying close attention, he perceived how the blond's hands stopped gripping his palms as he let out a wheezing short laugh.

"So, you want to say "I dislike you" with a flower arrangement?" Dream gave a genuine smile and Sam felt proud of himself for causing it. He nodded, admiring how freckled cheeks moving along with his curved lips and cute nose.

"More like, "fuck you" with flowers," Sam joked, but his laughter died in the middle of his throat

as Dream nodded carefully, brows furrowed as he considered it, and then told him to wait a minute. So the creeper-hybrid stood there watching how the blond fluidly moved along the various stands and some sort of fridges, confidently grabbing specific flowers and laying them down on his working desk as he prepared them professionally into a beautiful deep wine red bouquet.

"Here you go~" Dream gave him the bouquet and Sam's eyes flickered between the blond's proud smile and the arrangement in his hand.

"What...?"

"Geraniums for stupidity," the blond explained pointing at some red flowers borne in terminal clusters.

"Foxglove for insincerity," he continued by touching a bell-like petal of a pinkish tone.

"Meadowsweet for uselessness," Dream signaled delicate-looking white flowers clustered close together in irregularly-branched cymes.

"Yellow carnations, which means 'you've disappointed me' and orange lilies to show your hatred," he finished showing a yellow fringe-petalled flower and a group of orange lilies, which were the only flowers Sam could remotely recognize among the bunch because his mom used to buy white lilies for the dinner table.

"You're amazing..." Sam whispered before he could stop himself. His thoughts running wild as he remembered his mother. When was the last time he checked on her? He had been so worn down with the Manburg arise that he completely forgot to see his mother in the past what, two weeks?

"Thank you..." Dream mumbled, feeling his cheeks warm-up at the compliment but he still maintained his distance from the other. He felt unsafe with Sam towering over him.

Sam smiled a little, telling himself he'll visit his mother tomorrow as he focused again on the blond, adoring how his cheeks blushed to make his freckles look like pretty stains in a pink canvas. He took out his wallet and pulled out a \$50 bill, extending it to Dream while saying. "Thank you, Dream, I like it very much"

"Good luck in your meeting, Sam, take care," Dream gave him a smile that his cheeks look so soft and squishy, but Sam kept his hands firmly gripping the bouquet.

"Take care Dream, see you later."

That time came sooner than he expected.

The next day after the encounter, Dream did his usual morning routine, which consisted in dealing with Drista's whining about how hard college was while worrying about a new obsession Tubbo had found (nukes this time, apparently). He made them some chicken sandwiches for breakfast and watched them get a bus at the station in front of his flower shop.

When the bus disappeared from his vision, the blond turned around to open his store and greet Puffy, a woman who waited for him to open all mornings in order to get some roses for her wife

every breakfast. Dream's heart fluttered every time the fluffy-haired lady spoke lovingly about her wife, Niki. Puffy had this contagious enthusiasm and kind heart that Dream adored, and the fact that Puffy was also a sheep-hybrid made their bond deeper. He quickly but carefully prepared a fresh arrangement of pink roses for the woman, waving her goodbye before checking around the flowers around the shop, pouting when he noticed some sunflowers had witted away.

He jolted when he felt something land on his shoulder, growing even tenser when he met dark green eyes. Dream stepped back, eyes flickering at the back of Sam, slightly relaxing when he noticed he came alone this time. He gave a nervous smile, fingers fidgeting the wittered flowers in his hands, "Good morning Sam."

"Morning, Dream," Sam smiled apologetically retreating his hand, rubbing the back of his neck as he looked down to the dried sunflowers and then back at the blond to see how he pursed his lips, fluffy ears pushed flat in his head as he turned around and walked towards the counter. Sam maintained his distance, observing the messy bun of golden hair decorated with some white flower he couldn't name. The blond wore a baggy light purple turtleneck along with a black apron with a crude white smiley face in the chest and a pair of loose dark grey pants.

Dream opened a small door in the counter, entering through it without closing it. He put down the flowers gently on his working desk before going back to the counter, placing his hand on it as he looked at the tall man he met yesterday. He seemed to be wearing the same outfit, but his demeanor was less intimidating and even a little *gentle*. But Dream knew better than that. Predators showed themselves as harmless only to attack when your guard is low.

"Sorry for that," Dream spoke calmly but his feet tapped the ground impatiently, "what can I do for you, Sam?"

"Can you make a bouquet of white lilies for me, please?" Sam answered softly, "My mother loves white lilies."

"Your mother has a good taste of flowers," the blond nodded, brows furrowed as he considered his ideas. He told Sam to wait a minute and then went to prepare the arrangement. The taller hybrid stood patiently, looking at the wide variety of flowers and wondering if they replaced them frequently since all of them seemed so fresh as if they were recently cut.

"Here, a bouquet of beautiful flowers for a beautiful woman," Dream smiled as he extended him the arrangement and Sam gladly took it, letting out a chuckle as he did.

"How are you sure she is a beautiful woman?" he teased the blond, adoring his wheezing laughter.

"Well, she had such a handsome son, of course, she is a gorgeous lady," Dream teased back but his words were sincere. Sam was indeed attractive with his gentle expressions and charming appearance. If he wasn't so tall and looking as if he could murder him right away, Dream would've tried to get his number. Yet, he wheezed at the blush that crept on the other's cheeks as he mumbled something and then hurriedly gave him another \$50 before, literally, running away.

Dream had to admit it was cute, but he would never admit he felt proud of himself for making the tall man a flustered mess.

"Hey Dream! my wonderful big brother! you're such a ray of beautiful sunshine and angel always willing to help! and you're—"

"Tubbo, what did you blow up this time?" Dream interrupted his little brother's blathering through the phone, pinching the bridge of his nose as he prepared himself for whatever was coming.

"Well, it's not entirely *my* fault! Tommy said it was safe!" Dream groaned at the mention of his brother's best friend. The words "Tommy" and "safe" together are as possible as a squared circle; in other words, impossible.

"Where are you?" he asked instead, holding his phone with his shoulder as he lifted his foot and tried to maintain balance as he tied up his sneakers, getting ready to run to wherever his idiotic brother was.

"At Mr. Minecraft's house..." Dream paused his movements, brows furrowing.

"What did you do?"

"Uh..."

"Tubbo, what did you do?" the blond asked again but softer. Of course, he was mad having to deal with whatever problem Tubbo caused this time, but never pissed off at the boy. Dream might hate the cleaning process, the whining of his little brother, and the headaches of all those problems; but they were a part of Tubbo and he couldn't pull himself to hate this adorable yet chaotic brother of his.

"Tommy wanted to prank his brother painting his hair pink while he was sleeping," Tubbo mumbled at the other side, Dream could hear air gushing so he guessed that either the wind was really strong or he was running.

"I don't think Wilbur would be *that* mad, I mean, he dyed his hair white last year, didn't he?" Dream tried to calm down the teenager but his words died when Tubbo spoke hurriedly.

"It wasn't Wilbur!"

Wait, it wasn't Wilbur? But Tommy only had two brothers...

Oh.

"You dyed the all-mighty Technoblade's hair pink?!" Dream giggled and tried to not laugh until erupting into a full body-shaking wheeze, "Oh, Lord, that's a death wish!"

Tubbo was muttering something at the other side when a loud grabbing sound made Dream get the phone away from his sensitive ears. He turned the speaker on instead, still giggling while holding his stomach.

"Hallo," a monotone voice sounded with air flowing quickly. The blond guessed the brunette, no, *pinkette* grabbed the phone from Tubbo's hands.

"Hey, bacon, ya like your new hairstyle?" Dream joked, still laughing every few seconds as his brain produced happy chemicals that made him feel giggly.

"I'ma kill this brother of yours," the other male answered without even panting.

"I can't allow that, *Blade*," Dream dragged out a threatening tone before erupting into giggles, "but you can enslave Tubbo for the weekend!"

"Oh, you're such an angel," he could hear Techno rolling his eyes with a toothy grin, and Tubbo screaming something along the lines of 'you traitor'.

"Gotta go to dropkick some orphans, see ya' nerd."

Technoblade ended the call before Dream could say something, he giggled and wheeze with his brain releasing happy chemicals that made his belly feel hot. He doubled over in laughter, little tears falling off his eyes at the idea of his lifelong rival with pink hair. A shadow towering above the falling sun's ray made him react and whip his head towards the entrance of the store. Sam stood there, giving him a sad smile as he muttered, "good afternoon".

"Come in, come in," Dream signaled inside and when the taller man hesitated, the sheep-hybrid took his hand. The tall man's hand felt cold and was bigger than his. He pulled the other inside before closing the entrance door and putting on a "closed" sign.

"That was..." Sam started tentatively, his mind clouded with stress from his long day. He felt his cheeks warm up as his hand wrapped around Dream's.

"My brother dyed someone's hair pink," Dream giggled as he spoke, letting Sam inside the counter and offered him a chair to sit on. He thanked the blond, slumping down and letting his shoulders relax after an exhausting working day. He didn't need flowers and was tired, but his first instinct was to come to see if Dream was still in his store. The creeper-hybrid thanked heavens when he caught the endearing sight of Dream doubling in laughter.

"—and he's feared for a reason! He literally beat up a dozen of seniors when we were freshmen!"

"So you studied with him?" Sam asked curiously, wondering who this man that Dream spoke so cheerfully about was.

"Yeah, my dad didn't know shit about raising kids so I spent most of my time at the Minecraft's house, I grew up with Techno," Dream organized some bouquets as he spoke.

"And you guys are closed?" Sam hesitantly asked, unsure of why he felt so weird listening to the blond talking almost lovingly about this childhood friend of his.

"Close? I hate that pig," Dream laughed, giving a smile to Sam as he turned around to organize another thing the creeper-hybrid didn't bother to look at. He was way too focused on the wagging fluffy sheep tail to care about the ribbons the blond was sorting out.

It was an act of trust; turning his back at the other, being *vulnerable* to Sam. And Dream chose to trust him with that. Maybe the previous hilarious situation made him less rational, but he certainly felt more comfortable with the other man around. He stopped his rambling thinking he might be talking way too much but Sam giggles relaxed him. They were gentle and soft, opposite to the huge intimidating man they belonged to.

"So, Sam, what did you came from?" Dream reluctantly asked. If the man didn't need anything, he wouldn't have come to his store in the first place.

"Just wanted to see you."

"Oh," Dream turned around, feeling his cheeks heat up at the unexpected comment. Sam stared back at him with a gentle smile, not a flirtatious one as he would've expected.

Dream stood there, emerald eyes wide as deep green ones stared back with panic dripping. The blond noticed how Sam tensed up and gave him a warm smile as he said, "It's nice to see you around, Sam."

And if that made Sam's whole body explode in heat, Dream doesn't know that as he turned around again to organize other materials. The blond complained about his brother's antics and Sam laughed at the stories he told. The sun setting down on the horizon cast precious lights over them as a gentle breeze entering through the window. With Dream's calming presence, calming voice, and the soft scent of flowers, Sam felt his mind forgetting about his job and relaxing for the first time in a while. He even made himself comfortable, taking out his outer layers, leaving only his white dressing shirt.

Then, his phone rang.

Sam groaned annoyed as he pulled out the device from his pocket, answering the call before looking at the screen and regretting the moment he swiped to answer.

"Sam?"

"Mom?" he whispered. Mixed emotions bubbled up on his stomach, anger from this morning's discussion, sadness, and worry. Dream's hand gave him a squeeze in his shoulder, offering a small smile before leaving him alone inside the counter and instead of going out to sort out the fridges.

"Sam, I've thought about what you said this morning," her words made his stomach drop, bile going up to his throat as he swallowed uncomfortably. Sam regretted the moment he spoke to his mother about his new crush, and everything went fine until he mentioned it was a "he". He didn't expect his mother to be so close-minded.

"And I am so sorry for what I said," she choked, voice breaking in the end and Sam's heart broke at that, "I was so selfish and didn't consider your feelings and I just wanted to say sorry for exploding and— I can't say I understand now but I will. Just give me some time, ok? I don't know anything about *that*, but I know that you're my son and that I love you, and you loving a boy can not change that."

"Mom, I— thanks," Sam muttered, completely paralyzed as his brain slowly took in his mother's words. She *could* accept him, his mother could accept him.

"I love you Sammy, you'll forever be my baby," Sam giggled at that, trying to blink back his tears but failing miserably as he mumbled, "Love you too, mom."

Despite the sobs and tears, Sam managed to agree with his mother to see each other next Monday to have breakfast. When he hunged up, he received another encouraging squeeze from Dream along with a bottle of water and a napkin. He thanked him before blowing his nose and whipping away his tears. He didn't notice how thirsty he was until he chugged down half the bottle of water as Dream rubbed little circles in his back as if he had just fought a battle and it did felt like one.

"My mother was raised strictly religiously," Sam explained and the blond nodded. The sun was long gone and instead, the moonlight shone down on them, giving Dream's hair a light glow. The taller hybrid considered asking if he could touch it but before he could, Dream sat down between his legs, giving him easy access to his head.

"You can, uhm, pet me while you talk? uhm, you don't have to if you don't want to! It's just, I just think your hands are perfect for petting...", Dream purred when he felt big hands running through his sheep ear, gently caressing the outside fluff. He sighed contently with the gentleness of his touches and submerged into them, enjoying them as his hybrid tail wagged happily behind him.

"My mom grew up with a strict idea of what is right and what is prohibited," Sam continued, relaxing at the soft feeling in his hands while trying to not hurt the blond when detangling some knots in his hair. "But she tried to change because of me. I was born a hybrid, a creeper one, and it was hard for her to accept it because she was taught that hybrids, especially those who had hostile creatures' blood were dangerous. But she raised me and loved me instead of giving me up for adoption."

"My life was a challenge for her, she had to change so much in order to accept me and love me. And then, I accidentally began a mafia. It was not my original intention, but the ideals of the group I was in grew up to become a mafia and I am now sort of a founder to it," Sam pressed his lips, stopping his carcasses as he waited for the blond's reaction. He felt Dream pressing his head up to his hand, whining at the loss.

"You— you're not afraid of me?" Sam questioned incredulously, he expected a more explosive reaction with tears and screams. Dream seemed to get impatient at the lack of contact as his fingers tapped rapidly at his thigh.

"I knew you were some sort of mafia boss or some criminal the moment you got into my store with such a large group of men dressed up the same with the same logo," the blond responded and Sam chuckled at that. Dream had a point. He began patting the golden locks again, scratching behind his ears and earning a pleased sigh at that.

"She now wants to change her ideals to accept the fact that I prefer men over women and..." Sam murmured loud enough for the blond to hear. He paused, considering his thoughts as he stroked Dream's hair fondly. "I feel bad for that. She had to change so much to love me and it-it's unfair."

"It is fair," Dream commented after a moment of silence, reaching out to grab one of the taller hybrid hands into his own. He admired the difference between their hand sizes and the patches of somber green that covered the back of his hand.

"How's that fair?"

"If you want a rose, you have to accept its thorns. As much as it can hurt, thorns are part of a rose. If you are unwilling to accept the thorns, then don't even think of getting the rose. If someone is unwilling to accept your quirks or the things that make you *you*, then that person has no right to see the beauty of your soul," Dream explained quietly, passing his thumbs through the rough skin of the patches and pressing soft kisses on them as he spoke.

"Could you tell me your thorns then?" Sam asked, bowing down his head to look at emerald eyes glistening under the moon and his lungs felt empty as those eyes widened in surprise before giving him a soft smile.

"Of course..." Dream muttered, feeling his heart violently pumping blood through his cheeks, making him feel light-headed.

Sam went to the flower shop every morning after that specific night. He felt ecstatic when Dream stopped feeling afraid with him around. The blond would reach out to him for pets or for a hug that the creeper-hybrid eagerly provided. Sam loved how Dream's 5'7 (1,70m) allowed him to engulf the shorter man completely. He particularly loved nuzzling his nose on the blond's hair, inhaling whichever's flower's aroma stuck with him.

As any morning since it became part of his routine, Sam entered the flower shop with an eager smile only to find the blond missing. He looked around the store, feeling a weird sensation of emptiness when he couldn't see the cute sheep-hybrid around. His long ears twitched when he heard footsteps lighter than the ones from Dream, and he turned around to see a brunette with two ram horns growing upwards, dressed in a bee-colored sweatshirt and a greyish overall. His bright blue eyes stared at Sam curiously and then the teenager asked. "Who are you?"

"I am a regular customer," Sam responded with a straight back and a kind smile. He heard the boy scoff as he rolled his eyes.

"Regular customer my ass, Puffy's also a regular customer and I don't hear my brother rambling about her all day long," the brunette commented as he scanned the *taller* man and then nodded, "yup, you're definitely Sam."

"Dream... talks about me?" the creeper-hybrid couldn't avoid smiling at that. He enjoyed hearing the blond's rambling because he always was so passionate it spread Sam. Thinking that Dream rambled about him to his family made his chest swell with something warm.

"Yeah, says that you're the most hilarious customer he's ever gotten and that you're a good hugger and honestly, I think my ears will bleed if I hear him talking about your, oh so gentle smile one more time," the brunette crossed his arms, pouting in a way that reminded Sam of certain sheep-hybrid.

"Tubbo?" a familiar voice called, interrupting the brunette's babbling about how Dream seemed to be like Sam more than him.

Sam drifted his eyes away from the ram-hybrid to watch how Dream smiled when he noticed he was there. The blond ran to hug him tightly, burying his face on the crook of his neck as he mumbled out, "Good morning, Sammy."

"Good morning, Dream," Sam responded sinking his nose on the blond's hair to inhale a sweet aroma he couldn't name.

"Ew, get a room," the brunette chimed effectively interrupting the moment much to Sam's disappointment. But he got to see Dream's cheeks blush a rosy pink so that was a win.

"Tubbo, weren't you going to the Minecraft's house today?" Dream ignored the teenager's comment but gave him a slight smack on the back of his head, earning a curse from the younger.

"Yeah, but Philza said the streets are dangerous lately and told me to wait until Techno came to get

me," the brunette answered, hugging his brother's arm and glaring at Sam as if the poor man killed his pet.

"Who called me?" said a deep voice that more than excitement, lacked life. Tubbo jumped at the sudden voice but Sam had heard his footsteps seconds ago. He scanned the man dressed up in an oversized pink hoodie and ripped jeans. From the way his body leaned and judging from the fresh wounds on his knuckles, Sam could tell this man constantly fought and was good at it, based on the lack of other wounds. Most notoriously was his long pink hair and the long hybrid ears decorated with golden jewelry. A piglin hybrid, Sam guessed.

"Good morning, bacon," Dream greeted the man and Sam's brain clicked the pieces. He must be the childhood friend Dream talked to him about. The one who fought a dozen seniors during his freshman year and *won*.

"Morning, you green teletubbie," Technoblade's tone remained lifeless as he stared at the two brothers and then at Sam, squinting his intense ruby eyes at him and then nodding. "Ya' must be the handsome man Dream's been ranting about."

"I– you pig!"

"Payback for stealing the last potato chip last week."

"Last potato chip– what! that was last week!"

"Time can pass but the pain remains the same, Dream."

"It was just a potato chip!"

"E," the pinkette rolled his eyes, receiving a smack from Dream, which he gave back. If Sam's eyes were guns, Technoblade's body would be full of bullets the moment his hand impacted Dream's arm, leaving a red mark as evidence.

"They do this all the time, it's their weird way of talking," the teenager explained to him and Sam nodded, agreeing that it was a weird way to communicate.

"Hey Dream, can ya' get me some flowers?" Technoblade spoke without emotions but reached out his hand to tap twice on the blond's shoulder.

"Oh, of course, give me a minute," Dream smiled at him and then turned around to go prepare a bouquet.

"Tubbo, go help Dream," the pinkette crossed his arms and drifted his intense eyes from the blond to the brunette, who opened his mouth to refute only to shut it again. Tubbo glanced at both men nervously before turning around and following his brother.

"So, Sam," the piglin-hybrid eyes bored into him but Sam maintained a casual stand as Technoblade spoke, "how has ya' family's business been?"

"As a raising violent tide," the creeper-hybrid answered stoically.

"Things've been violent," Technoblade nodded nonchalantly, eyes moving from Sam to Dream's figure, "he's in *our* family, hurt him and ya head will be off ya neck."

"You truly are a thing," Sam grinned at the other, received a flashing smile back.

Dream interrupted them with a soft smile on his face, handing Technoblade a dark brown bouquet of pink carnations and giving him a light pat on the shoulder. The pinkette thanked him and then pulled Tubbo with him as he walked out of the flower shop without more words.

"So, let me guess," Dream's voice broke him out of his thoughts, "Techno threatened you, didn't he?"

"He told me I would lose my head if I hurt you," the creeper-hybrid replied honestly, not seeing the point in hiding anything from Dream's observant eyes.

"Well, that ain't new," the blond shrugged it off. He took Sam's hand, interlocking their fingers and pressing his head in the taller man's chest, purring happily at the strong and warm arm that wrapped around him safely.

"He is protective of you," Sam stated, brushing his nose into the soft blond hair to inhale the flowery scent.

"Yeah, we are family after all," Dream responded, hugging the taller's man's neck with his other arm.

"Do I need his permission to take you out on a date?" Sam asked, watching carefully how Dream reacted to his words. He let out a breath he didn't notice he held when the blond shook his head with a giggle.

"Then, do you want to go out with me?" he asked tensely, holding his breath and feeling how his cheeks heated up.

"Of course! I was considering asking *you* out, it took you long enough," the blond wheezed and let out of his hand to hug his chest tightly. Sam hugged him back, feeling a warmth bubble in his stomach, and he giggled stupidly at the excitement.

"So... I'll go get you tonight at 8?"

"I'll be waiting for you, Sammy."

Dream completely forgot to ask where they were going that night so he had no idea what to wear. But instead of asking Sam with a chat, he decided to play Russian Roulette with Drista scrolling for ideas on Pinterest and Tubbo insisting on him taking a taser. His sister and he searched out his entire closet and even her own until they found a satisfying outfit.

Dream chose one of his favorite shirts, it was a pastel lime baggy shirt with holes in the shoulder, revealing freckled skin. He liked how the shirt's sleeves reached his wrists. Over that, he wore a high-waisted black skirt. He wasn't sure if it was his or Drista's but he loved the plaid pattern and it matched with his shirt. He originally thought of wearing black stockings but settled down on for high boots after Tubbo insisting that would give Sam a nosebleed. Drista helped him brush his hair, opting for making two braids on each side and bringing them together in the middle, letting

the rest of the hair down. When he was done, he spun a little to see the skirt twirling.

"You look really pretty," Tubbo opined giving him two thumbs up.

"If you don't win his heart with this, then dump him," Drista made a comically serious face before patting his brother's head carefully to now ruin his hairstyle, "don't worry, I'm sure he'll love it."

"Of course that dumb bitch would love it, big D looks amazing!" chimed in a third voice that made all three siblings jump. Tubbo ran to the room's window, staring incredulously at the blond that ignored them and crept inside.

"Tommy— what the fuck?! Wilbur?!" Tubbo shut up as the brunette pushed him aside to climb inside the window too. But instead of explaining what he was doing entering their house without permission, Wilbur extended his arm out the window and cursed when he tried to lift something up.

"What are you— oh, lord, you idiots!" Dream looked outside the window in time to see the pinkette running towards the wall, gaining momentum to jump and grab Wilbur's hand. Dream offered his hand and it took them a minute to pull the piglin-hybrid up.

"Yo nerd, looking great," Technoblade commented without emotions in his tone as he closed the window.

"What the fuck are you doing climbing up my house?! don't you have the key?" Dream giggled as the pinkette shrugged saying he lost the key.

"Drista called us and damn Dream, you're looking fine," Wilbur whistled at him as he scanned his body, earning a playful smack from Drista but a skull-crushing one from Technoblade.

Dream turned to glare at his sister who stuck out her tongue and shrugged, "I told you I trusted your intuition on that man and respected your decision of dating him, but that doesn't mean I won't scare him a *bit*."

"We trust your perception of him, but we don't trust *him* yet. We won't scare him away, don't ya worry," Technoblade added, leaning on a writing desk.

"Yeah, just so he knows not to mess up with *our* family," Wilbur contributed giving him a gentle smile, "We care for you Dream, we want the best for you."

"I also studied psychological manipulation Wilbur, that shit won't work with me," Dream tried to sound stern but couldn't stop his giggles as the tall brunette chortled loudly.

"We want the best for you, Dream."

"We want the best for you, Sam."

"That doesn't explain why are you all here with me," Sam replied impassively, focusing his eyes on the road as he drove.

"Because we need to make sure that man won't hurt--"

"Dream's not going to hurt me," Sam cut him off.

"You're blinded by love!"

"And you're blind in one eye, Quackity," a light-haired man pointed out the obvious with a naive smile.

"Shut up Charlie," Quackity bit out.

"But Quackity has a point, you aren't thinking coldly Sam, you're being biased towards him," Foolish commented from the front seat before turning around and scold a teenager for using his phone while the car moved.

"Here's what's going to happen, I *am* going on this date with Dream *alone* and I would not hesitate to hurt any of you if you try to stop me," Sam groaned, he loved this non-blood-related family of his but dealing with their overprotectiveness tired him.

His mind cleared when a white suburban house appeared in his view. He stopped the car at a side of the road, noticing how there was an expensive-looking red car parked in front of the closed garage door. Sam let the engine on, opening the door and stepping out of his car at the same time that a literal angel emerged from the front door, dressed up with a charming skirt that exposed part of his thighs and a shirt that showed his shoulder. His footsteps grew impatient as he approached the door and hugged the blond carefully, not wanting to ruin his pretty hair.

"Hello Sammy," Dream greeted him, pressing his nose in his neck before pushing him away rather harshly. Sam worried for a second before hearing a cute sneeze. Right, the sheep-hybrid had a sensitive sense of smell and he completely forgot that when he sprayed himself with cologne.

"Oh, shit, Dream, sorry," he apologized rapidly, not knowing what to do when he heard the adorable giggles of the blond.

"It's fine, shall we go now?" the sheep-hybrid smiled at him with kissable lips and Sam swallowed hard, noticing how the blond's cheeks blushing softly and then furrowed his brows in confusion as his eyes drifted away from the creeper-hybrid face to his car.

"Your family?" Dream asked lifting a brow at him. Sam racked his brain for an answer but got nothing, so he smiled apologetically as he nodded. He didn't want to turn around and see what was happening when he heard footsteps approaching. He wanted the soil to open and swallow him whole until he heard the other let out a wheezing laugh.

"Jeez, we have such weird families, I'm sure they'll get along," the blond pointed inside his house and Sam followed his fingers to find five pairs of judgemental eyes staring at him. He recognized Technoblade and Tubbo among the group. There was a blond girl that looked strikingly similar to Dream, so he guessed that was Dream's older twin sister.

"Damn," Sam muttered shakily, not ready to face his soon-to-be-boyfriend's family and then felt Dream's finger locking with his and a gentle kiss placed on his cheek, making heat bloom from that spot and expand across his face.

"Let's go, shall we? Let's leave our weird families deal with each other," Dream smiled at him

gently, moving their interlocked fingers softly as he waited for his answer.

Sam laughed at that, pressing his forehead with the blond's as he said, "That'll be great."

Pushing Wilbur aside and glaring at Technoblade, Dream made his way towards the garage with Sam's hand still locked with his. He gave the creeper-hybrid the keys to his Mercedes car and kissed his cheeks before letting go of his hand to sit down on the front seat as Sam took the driver's seat.

Sam meant it when he said he wouldn't hesitate to hurt anyone who tried to stop his date as he almost hit Quackity while driving out of the garage. Ignoring the screams outside, he drove into the road and accelerate into the empty road with a wheezing Dream at his side. He himself laughed a bit, trying to stop to focus on the road and not crashing.

"So, where are we going?" Dream asked vibrating in his seat. He looked at Sam's figure dressed in a dark green baggy sweater with a cartoon creeper head, a pair of black pants, and white sneakers. He felt his cheeks heat up as he added, "You look beautiful, Sammy."

"It's a surprise and, thanks Dream, you look ethereal tonight," Sam managed to not stammer, taking a quick look at the blond's wide smile before focusing on the road.

Dream hummed, letting a comfortable silence fall on them as they enjoyed each other's presence. It took Sam half an hour to reach a massive hub that the sheep-hybrid recognized at first glance. In their city, Las Nevadas was known as a massive entertainment and gambling hub and Dream had to admit its size was impressive.

Sam planned everything carefully so it would be a perfect date, but his plan went out the window when Dream asked him if he could visit his family's famous casino. The creeper-hybrid didn't have the strength to say no to those bright, excited green eyes, so they first visited the immense centerpiece of Las Nevadas. And if Sam smiled smugly when Dream praised him for developing all the machines and games it offered, the sheep-hybrid was way too focused on the bright lights to notice.

Dream reluctantly agreed to visit the casino another day, knowing how impossible it would be to explore the whole establishment in an hour. Sam felt bad when he noticed the fluffy ears pressed flat on his head but he really wanted to show something to the blond. As he expected, the sheep-hybrid immediately energized when he showed him the huge aquarium inside the hotel. Originally, it began as a fish tank, but it expanded to include more fishes and even two dolphins that seemed to love Dream the moment they saw him, and Sam could understand them. The blond had a cute expression with his plump lips and emerald eyes wide open as he looked at the great variety of fish and ran around one side of the glass to the other, the dolphins following him.

Dream left the aquarium with teary eyes after dramatically promising the dolphins he'll be back soon. Sam pressed a kiss on his nose and guided him to the hotel's restaurant. The glares and murmurs were ignored as the pair walked around the buffet-style restaurant. Dream grabbed a package of fries and a glass of grape juice, while Sam settled with a piece of strawberry cake. They agreed to eat a decent dinner later.

The pair wandered in various retail shops, mostly goofing around. Dream wanted to visit a particular plushy-making store and decided to commission a very specifically 6'2 tall creeper plushy. Sam snorted at his side when he ordered and made a commission too; a 5'7 tall sheep. Both decided that Sam would come to get the plushies the next day. After that, other shops didn't catch

their attention so they decided to have a decent dinner at a seafood restaurant.

Walking aimlessly in the long extension of Las Nevadas, Sam mentioned the replica of the Eiffel Tower behind the hotel, and Dream beamed. They decided to go back to the hotel, passing by the restaurant to grab a bottle of wine before going up with the elevator to the top floor of the hotel, which was a penthouse reserved for the boss and his family. Sam opened the door with his personal key and breathed in relief when he noticed that the entrance had no messy shoes thrown around, meaning no one was home.

Sam opened the bottle of wine before guiding Dream to the right side's balcony. There was a set of gray sofas with a glass table with an empty ashtray. A barrier made of clear crystal surrounded the balcony, with a wooden structure with cushions where they sat down. In front of them, a perfect replica of the Eiffel Tower stood proudly and Dream's eyes widened at it. They sat in comfortable silence, enjoying the scenery of the clear night sky and the magnificent structure. Sam wanted to stand up to grab some glass but Dream shrugged it off, drinking directly from the bottle before passing it to the tall hybrid, who reluctantly drank a long sip.

They enjoyed each other's presence but their bodies missed each other's touch; Dream laid his head on the other's shoulders, and Sam grabbed his waist gently, pulling him so that the blond sat between his legs. The tall hybrid pressed a kiss at the cute nose and the crook of it, the space between his eyebrows and his forehead, earning little giggles and pleased sighs from the smaller. They felt safe in each other's arms and warmth and Sam decided it was the ideal moment to give Dream his final gift that night.

Pressing a kiss on both of the blond's cheeks, Sam excused himself saying he had to go to the bathroom. Dream whined but reluctantly let go of him, shivering when the cold night wind blew by. The creeper-hybrid took off his sweater, making the smaller put it on and leaving a kiss on his forehead before turning and going inside, ignorant of how Dream sniffed the given piece of clothing and purred at the scent of Sam's natural gunpowder scent mixed with a hint of cologne.

Sam bit his bottom lip and pressed his sweaty hands on his pants, walking quickly but silently towards the kitchen's fridge. He sighed in relief when the object he left before was still intact and took the arrangement out, careful to not mess it up. He passed his other hand on his hair, breathing in deeply as he walked towards the balcony again and forced himself out.

"Dream," he called softly, earning a confused pair of eyes and then a soft smile. Dream stood up and skipped towards him, eyeing curiously at what he kept hidden behind his back. Sam let out a long breath and showed the bouquet to the sheep-hybrid, watching how his bright emerald eyes widened and his sheep ears froze.

"Sammy, this is..." Sam felt better hearing the nickname Dream had given him, and with a sudden boost of confidence, he explained himself.

"A camellia for admiration."

"A carnation for affection."

"An iris for passion."

"A gladiolus for sincerity."

"A delphinium for attachment."

"And a dahlia for commitment."

Sam offered the blond the bouquet of flowers ranging from golden yellow to pearly white; the palette resembling the color of Dream's hair, eyes, and fluff. Dream felt his eyes getting teary as he sucked in a breath, reaching a shaking hand to the bouquet. He knew the meaning of the flowers easily, but hearing Sam confirm it made him feel like crying. The man took his time to investigate and judging by the implacable state of the flowers, they were freshly cut. Plus, they were positioned especially to give a message in a specific order.

I've held admiration and affection to you, it evolved in a sincere passion with time and I am attached now, are you willing to accept a commitment with me?

"This bouquet is really pretty," Dream whispered as he held the object barely. He sniffed softly, blinking away the tears as he smiled shakily, "I accept it."

Flowers don't last forever. As a florist, Dream knew this better than anyone but he couldn't stop feeling emotional when the bouquet Sam gifted him began withering. The creeper-hybrid found him crying with the arrangement in his hands and he panicked so badly Dream stopped crying to comfort him.

When Dream explained the reason for his tears, Sam relaxed considerably and pulled the blond into his embrace. Knowing how much the bouquet meant to Dream, the creeper-hybrid proposed they could create another arrangement together. It became an intimate activity for them; when a bouquet wilted away, they would find a time to sit down and arrange another one together by expressing their feelings with flowers. Furthermore, Dream took a new habit of sketching the bouquet before arranging it just because he enjoyed sitting in his boyfriend's lap with his back on a warm chest and a pair of strong arms hugging his waist.

Dream giggled at the warm breath in his neck as he sketched an allium. He could feel hot hands caressing his waist and belly. He finished the sketch, giving a small hum to get his boyfriend's attention. Sam reluctantly abandoned his neck to look at the sketch and then press a kiss on the other's cheek.

"It's looking beautiful."

"Thanks Sammy!" Dream beamed at his compliment and Sam could feel his little tail wagging quickly behind him.

"Can you add a mauve carnation, Dreamy?" Sam asked, feeling how the other's body heat increased rapidly as his brain probably remembered that mauve carnations tended to be given to the one you're having *fantasies* about.

"Ye—yes," Dream babbled as he reached out to add the flower to the sketch. He pressed his lips tightly, trying to focus on drawing and not on the burning touch in his stomach.

"Can you also add a camellia, love?" Sam intentionally used a deeper tone, relishing at the little sound the blond let out while pressing himself further in the taller hybrid's back, his brain reminding him that a camellia can symbolize the longing desire to be with your beloved. Dream

nodded, feeling his insides and cheeks warming up as he messily drew a camellia.

"Can you add a coriander too?" the creeper-hybrid brushed his lips against the exposed neck, noticing how Dream tilted his head to give him more access. His brain working full speed to process that corianders can express your guilty pleasure for feelings of lust. He took it as an invitation, pressing a soft kiss on the skin and adoring how the small frame in his arms shivered at it.

"Can I touch your chest, love?" Sam questioned softly despite his rapid-beating heart. The blond choked out a "yes" that made his hands feel empty. He roamed higher, stroking over his ribs and upper until he located one of his nipples, rubbing it barely and feeling how it hardened immediately as Dream let out a long sigh, pressing down on his lap and dropping the pencil to hold the border of the desk. Sam took his sweet time to squeeze and rub both nipples, hearing the suppressed pants and sighs.

"You can stand up, Dreamy?" the creeper hybrid's petition confused the blond, but he stood up. Dream yelped when a firm hand pressed his shoulder without enough force to harm him, but enough to push him and bent him against the table as he put his weight on his propped arm. Sam pressed his chest over the other's back, brushing his lips against the exposed shoulder as his hand slid under the short pants his boyfriend wore. He savored the soft plump skin as he gave a squeeze, earning a little moan. He slid his hand away, grabbing the elastic hem of the clothing, and slowing pulling it down along with the underwear, giving enough time for the blond to protest.

"Can I touch you, love?" Sam asked as stared dumbly at the smooth pale ass. The blond nodded, whispering a 'yes'. The taller hybrid grabbed a handful of soft flesh with each hand, squeezing them rather harshly before spreading them apart, revealing a twitching and *slicking* wrinkled hole accompanied by a soft moan. He had only played with his nipples and Dream was *dripping*.

"Fuck," Dream breathed out as he felt a finger slipping inside of his non-prepared hole, making his body tremble with anticipation. His body naturally produced slick, a quirk for being a hybrid. He pushed himself back, feeling the digit twist with a wet unholy quenching sound.

"Please move," Dream breathed out and moaned when Sam did so, a firm hand on his hip so he couldn't squirm as the taller hybrid pressed another finger around his unused rim, pushing his middle finger inside. The blond choked out a moan when they began moving circularly before switching to a scissor motion that made him drool. His insides were warm and he could feel and *hear* the wetness slipping down his opening hole shamelessly.

When Sam added a third finger, the sheep-hybrid sobbed. Thick slicked digits fucked him open easily, Dream found himself pressing back to try to feel them deeper and when his rim stretched enough, Sam reached a particular bunch of nerves that earned him a yelp followed by a series of lustful moans as Sam kept ramming into that spot, watching how the blond's legs trembled and his painfully-looking hard dick dripped. He decided to be merciful and stopped, earning a whine and a glassy pair of confused eyes.

Sam quickly got rid of his long pants and underwear, hearing a surprised gasp as Dream stares at his crotch. The blond swallowed thickly as if he stared at a meal at a restaurant. He pushed the taller hybrid to the wooden chair, and Sam sat down on it, trying to avoid looking at his boyfriend's eyes, suddenly losing all confidence when those intense emerald eyes stared at him with an audacious grin that fitted weirdly his innocent-looking face.

The chair is wide enough for Dream to position his legs beside Sam's as he climbs on his lap. He

pressed his wet ass on the hard-on as he put one hand on the chair for support. He guided his other hand down, teasingly sliding his fingers on the hard dick before grabbing it and guiding it to his dripping hole. Dream opened his mouth with a silent moan as he dropped himself down slowly but surely, relishing the exquisite feeling of the thickness opening him up pleasantly. He let out a pained moan when it entered fully, and he stopped his movements to relax as Sam rubbed his back and planted little kisses on his cheeks and lips.

Sam loved Dream's face at that moment. His teary emeralds eyes, plump lips from biting, and his long eyelashes fluttering almost elegantly. He felt the blond squirming, starting a slow pace. The sensation was searing hot; the tight walls wrapped around his dick and the soft pants and moans his boyfriend emits as he wiggles trying to find a comfortable position as he moves.

"Does it feel good?" Sam asked breathlessly with a firm grip on his lover's slim waist, helping him push down on his dripping dick at a speeding pace.

"It feels so hot— oh, shit," Dream suddenly froze, muscles melting as he impaled himself into Sam's thick cock. He whimpers, raising himself again to drop down with a smacking sound. His legs trembled already and he moved his hand for the chair to his partner's chest, sinking his head in the crooks of the other's neck.

"I'm going to make you feel good, love, tell me to stop if it's too much, all right?" Sam mumbled gently, a hand gripping Dream's waist and the other moving down to spread his firm cheeks, taking a good look at the red hole swallowing greedily his thick dick. Sam easily lifted him up and rammed into him, mercilessly pounding into his wet hole as Dream bounced up and down, trying to match the rhythm of his thrusts.

Sam focused on the building up heat on his stomach and on the fucked up expression Dream had with drool dripping from his kissable lips; he kissed them, relishing on the softness and the gentleness of their movements as he fucked into him with an impatient rhythm that was met with shaking hips and created a squelching sound of the abused drenched hole.

Dream lets out a needy moan, pushing himself deeper and sinking his nails on the other's shoulders every time his prostate was abused with a hard thrust. He suddenly can't keep up the rhythm anymore, pressing himself down as hard and quick as he could, feeling hot tears falling down his warm cheeks as Sam keeps up his pace, bucking up to meet up with him. Dream let out a broken moan at a particular harsh thrust, feeling Sam deeper than ever, and his vision blanked out as he finished; white cum staining Sam's very expensive shirt.

Sam lost himself the moment the other tightened around his sensible dick and he grabbed his butt cheeks rather harshly as he shoved himself deeper and released his seed. He could feel slicker and cum flowing out even when he still was inside of the blond, but he didn't care as he focused on giving gentle kisses to his boyfriend while calmed down.

Dream smiled tiredly when he felt Sam's soft lips kissing his hybrid ear and his gentle hands rubbing his belly and moving wild strands of hair away from his face.

Maybe Dream was right when he first thought Sam was a person with a naturally kind disposition.

It was supposed to be a short smut-shot but I got carried away. But, I hope you enjoyed it!

I learned how to say "fuck you" with flowers from here:

[https://cupidsbower.tumblr.com/post/145960730310/flower-shop-au#:~:text=so%20you'd%20need%20a,striking!%20and%20full%20of%20loathing.&text=The%20\(Not%20to%20scale](https://cupidsbower.tumblr.com/post/145960730310/flower-shop-au#:~:text=so%20you'd%20need%20a,striking!%20and%20full%20of%20loathing.&text=The%20(Not%20to%20scale)

Also, Dream's outfit on the date was based on this: https://m.media-amazon.com/images/I/5150mXlgk7L._AC_UX385_.jpg

Take care and stay hydrated, have a nice day/evening! Kudos, comments, and constructed criticism are appreciated. <3

Sapnap & George x Sleeping!Dream | Consensual Somnophilia

Chapter Summary

Request from Anon; "Consensual somnophilia with bottom Dream, and top Sapnap and top George? Dream is the one asleep, established poly relationship"

Chapter Notes

Contains: Consensual Somnophilia, Polyamorous Relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I Had A Dream

George awakened with a fluffy mattress on him, his face pressed on warm soft skin and an arm over his waist. He felt plump softness pressing against his morning wood and he carefully removed the bedding to look down at his boyfriend's naked ass pressed against his crotch. George sighed, not wanting to wiggle out of his other boyfriend's embrace and the warmness of the body he hugged. So he began thinking of anything but the fat ass pressed against his early erection.

His brain decided to remember their conversation many days before. George had just woke up from his afternoon nap to a delicious smell, so he wandered to the kitchen still in his pajamas with a wool blanket on his shoulder. He found his two boyfriends speaking softly as they prepared their dinner, and he overheard part of their conversation.

"I don't know Sapnap, I've never been fucked while asleep before," his precious blond partner commented with a bashful pinkness in his cheeks, "but I would like to, like, I wanna try it."

"What are you talking about?" George mumbled still half-asleep, pressing himself between his boyfriends to keep the warmness in this body.

"Somnophilia, it's like this paraphilia or fetish in which you fuck someone who is sleeping," his other precious raven-haired lover responded with a wide grin, "what do you think?"

"It's fine, I guess," George shrugged as he placed his chin over Dream's shoulder, watching attentively the very appetizing soup he mixed carefully.

"Well, I'm fine with any of you fucking me while I'm asleep," the blond commented, closing the pot's lid and placing the wooden spoon on a plate, "like, I'm okay with you using me while I sleep, I know my sleeping schedule is fucked up sometimes, so, yeah, I'm fine with it. Plus, it'll be interesting to wake up with a dick in my ass."

"But you won't be able to decide if you want it or not, how would we know it's okay, babe?" Sapnap pouted, placing his head over George's and ignoring the smaller's groan.

"I won't know, I want you guys to surprise me."

That happened last weekend, and George now stared at the exposed soft pale skin that looked like a white canvas for him to decorate with bruises and bite marks. He sank his hands on the plumpness, giving an experimental squeeze. Nothing, Dream still breathed deeply. He moved his hands away to admire the growing redness with the shape of his hands and almost jumped when a hoarse voice whispered with a hot breath in his ear, "What'cha doing, Georgie?"

"Fuck you Sapnap," he cursed feeling his heart beating violently and his cheeks heating up for being caught red-handed. He felt rough lips pressing a kiss on his neck and the arm around his waist loosening.

"Nah, go fuck Dream, I'ma watch," George rolled his eyes at his boyfriend's comment. But he could say he was used to it at that point. Despite his hot-headed attitude, Sapnap enjoyed watching, and more than watching, he enjoyed giving orders with his intense eyes that turned red with passion and his shit-eating grin. But this time, he still laid comfortably, hugging a pillow that replaced the brunette's body, his eyes focused on George's movements.

The brunette softly pushed Dream aside. The blond had this cute habit of hugging someone or a pillow while sleeping, so his face lay on the soft cushion instead of the bed. George's imagination ran wild: Dream whimpering and squirming under him, biting and sinking his nails on the pillow as the brunette fucked him. Or maybe he wouldn't wake up, and will just sob and moan while dreaming about George's cock. The brunette couldn't decide which he liked better.

"I wonder how his ass is always so pale," Sapnap commented leisurely, head resting in a pillow while he watched.

"It doesn't matter, it won't last long," George replied, and true to his words, he sank his teeth *hard* in the soft flesh and pulled back to stare at the new red bitemark in the pale skin. His hands gripped the plumpness harshly, short nails sinking on it while he continued biting it, checking out constantly on the changes on the blond's face. Dream didn't seem to react as he would normally, but he wasn't immune to it; his cheeks softly flushed as he let out sighs and little sounds with each bite. He separated the buttocks to stare at the shy pinkish hole that had been unused for days, but that'll soon change. George admired his artwork before giving a smack to the skin. He got out of bed to search for the lube bottle and a condom with Sapnap's eyes fixed on his back.

Back on the bed, George kneel aside from the blond and squeezed a generous amount of clear lubricant in his fingers, moving the oily substance between them to warm it up. With one hand pushing a butt cheek away, he pressed his fingers around the pink rim, coating it with lube before pressing the tip of his index finger in slowly. Dream insides felt warm as always while George moved the digit around, patiently waiting for the blond to adjust while staring at his peaceful sleeping face, soft lips letting out light pants and sighs.

George pushed the finger up to his second knuckle, worming it around to expand quicker. When the whole finger entered, Dream let out a soft moan. The brunette added a second finger when it felt loose enough and began scissoring them. The blond hummed at that, squirming a little before staying still again. Dream's insides were relaxed as never before, making the job much easier and soon, a third finger entered. George twisted his fingers around and pushed them expertly deeper, pressing upon the well-known location of his lover's prostate. Dream whined, hips pressing back to try and get the fingers deeper, and George worried he might have woken up only to see his closed eyes with furrowed brows and lips parted in a messy moan.

After a time, George's finger moved easily, lube dripping from them and around the hole that swallowed them greedily. Surprisingly, Dream still slept as peacefully as a sensible person like him could; squirming every time George rubbed his sensible spot just enough for him to whimper, but still not *enough*. Dream jerked back to get the digits deeper into him, his already leaking cock pressed against the mattress as his sleep-driven mind tried to comprehend what was happening. George removed his fingers carefully, but the blond still whimpered at the loss.

"Aw, look at you, such a cock slut even when sleeping," Sapnap cooed from aside, drawing closer to the dozing blond's head to gently comb his messy locks. Dream's brows relaxed a little at the comment and hummed.

"I wonder if you're dreaming about this," the raven-haired spoke softly as he untangled the golden locks, "Are you dreaming about Georgie's thick cock, baby?"

The brunette's hardened dick jolted at the comment, he had always had a weak spot for Sapnap's dirty talking with his terribly gentle soft tone. He quickly put the condom on and positioned himself behind Dream. Carefully, he lifted the curvy hips up, pressed the thick head of his dick against the clenching hole, and pushed slowly.

"Can you feel that, baby? Feel George's fat cock abusing your little hole?" Sapnap focused his attention on the soft moan the blond let out, lips shivering, breathing quickening but still deep in the land of dreams.

George breathed out shakily when he finally bottomed out. A heavenly warmth surrounded him and squeezed greedily, wanting to suck him deeper. He had expected Dream to wake up, but except for the shiver in his thighs and his adorable moans and whimpers, he showed no signs of being awake. He easily slipped himself out and pushed back again, receiving a lewd moan partly muffled since Dream's cheek was pressed in the pillow.

George decided to play a bit, to test how far he could go without waking up the blond. He pushed fully inside, firmly gripping the shaking hips, and began rolling his hips at a teasing pace right against his prostate. The effect was immediate; Dream gave a long moan followed by his adorable whimpers that George loved so much, his cock pressed against the mattress twitched with interest and a cute pink flush as the brunette kept grinding on his sweet spot.

"George..." Dream whimpered and the brunette stopped all his movement, lust-filled eyes widened as his heart skipped a beat. He stared down at the frown in the blond's adorable face, only to find that he still slept.

"Yeah, babe, George's fucking you so good right now. But, I'll make it better," Sapnap smirked at the brunette, who swallowed thickly and glared at him with bi-colored eyes. The raven-haired gestured to him to give him space, so George reluctantly abandoned the warm cavern.

Sapnap carefully lifted up the blond to lay him on his chest. Dream let out a needy whine but didn't fight against the new warm and firm chest he nuzzled on. The raven-haired chuckled at that, easily folding the other legs to raise up his plump ass. He gave the already marked skin a playful smack, earning a warm sigh against his neck. Placing both his hands on the border of the fat cheeks, he moved them aside, giving easy access to the dripping flushed hole.

Sapnap grinned at the brunette, passionate crimson eyes meeting desperate ocean blue and coffee ones. George took it as an invitation and positioned himself once again, pushing himself inside once again, feeling the tight, smooth walls shaking with the intrusion and he thrust roughly in that

well-known spot that made the blond shiver and arch his back, pushing his hips back for more contact as he moaned out his name again.

"Oh, Dream, you're such a cockslut, *our* cockslut. Are you dreaming of being fucked now?" Sapnap voiced gently, hands firmly gripping and squeezing with bruising force at the thick cheeks, "Are you such a slut you recognized George's cock?"

Dream moaned loudly both at the dirty talking and a particularly hard thrust in his sweet spot. George grew impatient, chasing his release with rough thrusts he aimed at that spot. His eyes fixed in the pinkish hole stretching for his cock, swallowing him greedily into his warmth and tightness with each time he roughly pushed in. The pit in his stomach *burned* and it grew with each lewd moan from Dream, each dirty word from Sapnap, but it exploded when the blond suddenly jolted up. Dream moaned loudly, hands gripping on the shirt below him and long lashes fluttering open to reveal dilated pupils and bright emerald eyes; and he sobbed when the brunette pushed *deep* into him, completely filling him to the brim with his thick cock while finishing in the condom.

"Aw, hello baby, did you sleep well?" Sapnap carefully untangled the blond's hands from his shirt, instead intertwined their fingers and pressed a soft kiss on the cute nose. Dream blinking as he came to his senses, and whined when his hole was left empty again.

"I-I was dreaming about George," the blond muttered, voice soft as his sleepy brain tried to understand what was going on. He turned around, eyes widening at the sight of his brunette boyfriend staring pensively at his exposed and *dripping* hole.

"What—"

"Dreaming about George's dick, weren't you?" Sapnap cooed, giving him a light smack on the ass as the blond's already flushed cheeks blushed, even more, resembling fresh ripped apples.

"I-I, not fair!" Dream pouted and whined, face pressing against the raven-haired man's neck, "I didn't cum!"

"Oh, I'll solve that," Sapnap's smirk could be heard and before his hazy brain could understand what was happening, Dream felt his hole opening without resistance around the two fingers shoved inside. He whimpered at the delicious stretch, jolting up and pushing his hips down, sobbing when Sapnap pulled out when he pushed down and only pushed in slightly, not hard enough, not deep enough.

"Sapnap," Dream whined once more time, tears gathering easily in the corner of his eyes as his hands grasped around the taller man's shirt and his needy hole clenched around nothing.

"He's begging so cutely, how can you refuse, Sapnap?" George accused him playfully before leaning in to kiss the plump pink lips of the blond, rubbing one of his thumbs against an already hardened pink nipple.

"Exactly because he's begging so cutely, George," Sapnap replied casually pressing on a particular spot on the blond's back, causing him to shiver and whine while kissing wetly at the brunette's thin lips.

"Sapnap, please, need you," Dream panted, plump ass pressing down on Sapnap's dripping cock (underwear discarded long ago), clumsily seeking for pleasure. And Sapnap can feel his erection trapped in that heavenly plumpness, and he can feel the warm, needy hole ready to take his full

length and the raven-haired took a good look at the dilated pupils staring at him with passionate desire, his lips bruising from George's rough kiss, and his little needy whimpers and begs. But Sapnap wouldn't be Sapnap if he didn't *tease*.

Three fingers easily slid into the soft walls, the process much easier with the mix of slick and lube and George's previous abuse. Dream sobbed, tears streaming down his flush cheeks. The stretch felt good but not *enough*, it didn't fill him up the way he missed and wished, and although he enjoyed Sapnap's intense teasing, he felt as if he will go insane if he didn't have a cock inside soon. So he did the only thing he could've thought of at that moment.

"Sapnap," he tried to sound intimidating but it came out as a whimper, "if you don't fuck me in this instance, I'll go find someone else to do it."

"And who would that be?" Sapnap chuckled darkly, moving his fingers slowly, dragging the pleasure just enough to *feel*, but not enough to climax.

"Don't know," Dream panted, feeling his untouched dick drip and ache, his insides burning from the lack of proper stimulation, "that guy from the bar last week—"

Sapnap abruptly shoved his fingers up to his knuckles, effectively shutting up the blond with a broken moan. Dream shivered at the roughness and whined when they slid out but not fully out. Sapnap used his fingers to extend the used hole, actions speeding up with the boiling jealousy along with his arousal and he rubbed the thick head of his dick against the sensible hole. He pushed the blond down, impaling himself deep and roughly inside the hot and tight walls that hugged his erection so delicious. The cute surprised yelp Dream let out followed by a moaned whimpering, legs shaking and hips gripped firmly by Sapnap's hands as he pounded into him *hard*.

"Color?" Sapnap whispered close to the blond's ear, admiring how the hot breath made his smaller frame shiver. He slowed down his pace, hearing the other whimper and push down on his big dick as he choked out "green" weakly. Sapnap wasn't as thick as George, but he had a nice length that allowed him to pound deep and that's what he did.

"I'm going to fuck so hard that you won't remember your own name, much less that *fucker's*," Sapnap warned in a deeper tone that made him shiver, "Fuck you so good you won't ever be satisfied with any other cock."

Sapnap ravished into him and Dream moaned needly; legs shaking with each sharp thrust directly hitting his sensible spot sending him to fucking heaven, face contorted in pure ecstasy as pleased tears kept falling down his red cheeks. He whimpered at every thrust and sobbed when George decided to mark his chest, biting his nipples and around them, sucking them and teasing them with his wet tongue.

Sapnap slid down a hand on the other's ass, index and middle fingers teasing around the plushy skin as he hammered his boyfriend's prostate without missing a beat. He could feel Dream clench around him with every dirty and possessive comment he said, whimpering out his name and George's as the brunette plays expertly with nipples, pushing him further into ecstasy.

Dream choked in a moan, muscles tensing as his orgasm hit him *hard*. His senses increased; Sapnap's fat cock filling his already used hole up so deliciously, George's fingers and mouth teasing his painfully hard nipples and his dripping cock rubbing against the raven-haired abdomen hit him all at once and his vision blinded, eyes rolling back his skull as white come stained his and Sapnap's abdomens. When he came back to his senses, he cried when his cock didn't stop

cumming, Sapnap still pounding into him, milking him out.

"Such a slut for our dicks aren't you?" George cooed, the other raven-haired too busy chasing his orgasm to speak. He held Dream's face in his hands and caressed his tear-stained blushed cheeks, "Letting your pretty little hole be used for our pleasure, such a good boy."

Dream whimpered at the cooing, feeling the overstimulation wash over him in intense waves. On the other hand, Sapnap saw stars and galaxies stars when Dream squeezed him so tightly, shooting his load inside his boyfriend, pumping himself lazily to let it all out before pressing a kiss on the blond's plump lips, mind still half-lost in the high.

"You did so good, baby, so good for us and only *us*," Sapnap murmured, pressing soft kisses on his neck. Previous fading bite marks and hickeys paled in comparison with the new red marks Sapnap made possessively.

"Ye—yeah, only for you," Dream mumbled out, tilting his head to a side to allow more access to his neck, moaning when Sapnap pulled out, a mix of slick, cum, and lube dripping from his abused hole. The raven-haired kissed him as an apology; their lips pressed fondly at each other, a soft reminder of their love.

"I hate to break the moment but Dream's ass is still leaking cum and I have to change the bedding."

"Oh, come on George, you're just jealous Dream's not kissing you," Sapnap wiggled his eyebrows playfully, making the brunette roll his eyes with an amused smile.

"Com're George, I haven't kissed you yet," Dream pouted and George was a weak man, so he flashed to his boyfriend's side, leaning in to kiss the blond's soft lips before letting him go with a smack in his ass.

"Still, we need to clean you up," he firmly stated.

"George~" Dream complained with a whine. He felt weak, his legs still trembling and his mind fuzzy, he wanted nothing more than to stay in Sapnap's comforting embrace and kiss his boyfriends.

"I'm preparing the warm water," George declared, earning another whine. "And I'm going to order some warm and cheesy pizza," he tried again, watching the blond hesitate before shaking his head. "And then we can stay in bed and cuddle you, is that okay, baby?" George spoke softer, knowing Dream had a soft spot for this tone of his and it worked wonders because he nodded softly, trying to get up with shaky legs.

"I got you, babe," Sapnap grabbed his hips and sat him carefully in bed. He stood up first, stretching his sore legs before reaching out for his boyfriend. Sapnap lifted him up with one arm under his knees and the other in his back. Dream rested his head on the man's chest, reaching out a finger to stroke the beard on his face, earning a loving smile.

Dream's mind still felt fuzzy and he yawned when his body submerged in the warm water, strong arms holding him to a strong chest as gentle hands helped him clean himself. A soft towel dried him up before being dressed in a shirt too big for him, Sapnap's probably. He managed to put on his underwear and sports pants despite his trembling sore legs.

The pizza tasted delicious for his hungry stomach. George ordered his favorite one and he enjoyed

it with a delighted expression, savoring the creamy cheese and tasty meat. He convinced George to let him drink hot chocolate; it took two minutes of whining and kissing before the brunette gave up and went to prepare the drink he happily received.

With their hunger satisfied, they laid down on their bed. Sappnap hugged Dream close to his warm chest, and Dream buried his face in it. George hugged the blond from behind, pressing a kiss on his head, and then leaned in to press a soft kiss on the raven-haired's rough lips. Dream sighed pleased for the warmth, being sandwiched between his boyfriends with his belly full of his favorite food and sore legs.

It was a good idea to sleep without underwear.

Chapter End Notes

I've never experienced somnophilia, so everything in this chapter is based on research online. I hope it is acceptable, thanks for the request, Anon.

Thanks for reading; kudos and comments are appreciated. Stay hydrated, take care! <3

Alphas!Technoblade & Philza x Omega!Dream | Royalty & Omegaverse AU

Chapter Summary

Request by Eggboi; "Could I please get a order of phil x techno x Dream? Omega dream being arranged married to antarctic alpha kings phil and techno whom he was already secretly seeing beforehand. It's their wedding night and phil and techno are trying to knock dream up praising him telling him what a good mommy he'll be as they fuck him rubbing his belly and squeezing his tits. They come and pass out. Fast forward to dream laying in bed with his lovers his belly swollen his tits leaking as he begs them to fuck him again. They call him their ice queen and he's feels more happy here than the prince of his old kingdom."

Chapter Notes

Contains: Polyamorous Relationship, Royalty (heavily based on the Han Dynasty), Alpha/Alpha/Omega Dynamics, Pregnancy Kink, Implied Pregnancy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Esempee's Prince

"My *dearest* brother, I've arranged you a marriage."

Dream's jaw dropped at his brother's words, the delicate porcelain cup in his hand shattering. Jschlatt's cold amber eyes shone with malice, lips curving in a shit-eating grin as Dream glared at him with poisonous emerald orbs, jaw clenching as an unpleasant pit set on his stomach.

"As my thank you gift for helping ascend to the throne."

Dream had to ground himself by biting his inner cheeks, he had to find a way out of this. Jschlatt definitely would make his life a living hell if he didn't manipulate out of this situation. There had to be a way.

"I didn't help you in the murder of *our* father," Dream remarked, heart shivering at the memory of his father's body floating on the garden's fish pond.

"But you helped me the moment you were born, *brother*," Jschlatt accused, squinting his eyes at him, "If you weren't an *omega*, I would've had to work harder for this."

"If you're going to give your big speech about how evil and smart you are, you can save it, I don't want to listen," Dream growled at him, limbs shaking with anger but he didn't move an inch knowing that if he moved a step close to the now-king, an arrow will go through his head.

"Aren't you interested in who your future husbands are?" Jschlatt grinned instead with yellowish teeth. His hand pressed on the table and leaned towards Dream, who held his breath to avoid

inhaling the disgusting scent of whiskey and sweat surrounding his natural amber scent.

"They're pure hybrids," Jschlatt continued without needing his approval, chuckling darkly at the horror that flashed through the other's eyes, "yes, my *dear* brother, you'll be lucky if you survive your wedding night."

Dream tried to swallow down the knot in his neck, blinking away the tears that began forming in his eyes, and he gripped his hands tightly. Long nails sank in the soft flesh until it drew blood in hopes that it would ground him. He couldn't let himself be married to a pure hybrid; he wouldn't be able to handle it—

"Yes, you wouldn't be able to handle it," Jschlatt spoke as if he read his eyes, smile widening at the horrified expression of his brother, "A pure breed is bigger than an average human and their desires are more animalistic, and you're just a little minor hybrid, how are you going to handle that, my *dearest* brother?"

Goosebumps exploded through his skin as the warm and disgusting breath of Jschlatt bathed his neck's skin. He pulled away, heart rate accelerating as his confident facade fell into pieces.

"But I'm sure you'll be able to handle it, my *dear*, you were always daddy's favorite, the nation's favorite, so outstanding, so calculating, so precious," Jschlatt continued, nose rubbing obscenely at his brother scent gland, inhaling the scent of burnt leaves: the scent of fear. Jschlatt's new favorite scent.

"You might never be able to see the sun again, but hey, you'll have two giant dicks fucking you raw every night until you die, isn't that wonderful, little brother?" Jschlatt chuckled darkly, satisfied at the visible trembling in the other's body and the tears picking up in the corner of his eyes.

"Go to sleep early, *dear*, you'll need the energy for tomorrow," Jschlatt erected his back, proud grin still on his face as he walked outside his brother's bedroom.

"By the way," Jschlatt suddenly spoke up as he held the door in hand, "there's a person watching you from the front tower, try to escape and I'll have to sadly announce that the lovely prince has been assassinated."

Then, he slammed the door close.

The next five days passed a blur. Mostly because of the suspicious green liquid Jschlatt forced him to drink.

Dream slowly gained consciousness of his surroundings as the bone-chilling cold burned his fingertips. His head felt heavy and as he reached out to rub his temples, he noticed his hair had been groomed. He tried to get rid of his headache by massaging his temples and it worked enough for him to process his strange surroundings.

The cold was the first thing he noticed and he reached his freezing hands to his warm neck. It made him miss the warmth of his lovers; he missed them so much, but haven't had the chance to send them a letter with all the precautions Jschlatt took to avoid his escape. Right, he had to escape, he

had to run away.

His sore ass pressed flat on a wooden chair, it felt as if he had not walked in *months*. He stood up clumsily, legs shaking like a newborn deer's as he reached out for the dressing table in front of him for support. Right away, he noticed his legs covered by a black long fabric. He almost fell down in shock, eyes flickering from his chest to his arms as he processed what he wore.

The black upper garment clung firmly to his chest, an intricate pattern of sun embroidered in golden threads by professional hands. The long sleeves ended with half a sun in each, if he was to put his hand together, then the fabric would merge into a perfectly round golden sun. The underskirt felt heavy and its dark color didn't matter as the black upper skirt hugged his waist perfectly, falling down like a waterfall until the floor. It began as a dark black fabric but ended in a complex arrangement of golden lilies and star-like details. Over then, the topmost fabric lay as liquid gold falling from his waist until the half of his legs. A golden sash held the skirts in place and despite the amount of fabric, his thin waist still was noticeable along with his curvy hips. His shoes were comfortably dressed in a pair of black shoes with the same sun design as the sleeves.

There couldn't be a mistake.

He wore the traditional royal wedding dress of the Antarctic empire.

How was he so sure?

Because had chosen this design along with his lovers.

Dream felt like crying at that moment. The cold had never felt so comforting.

"With the heavens and earth as witnesses, I shall declare you three husbands. If anyone opposes this holy union, speak now or remain silent for eternity," Wilbur spoke with his ever so charming voice, tone luring everyone into a tranquil state of mind.

The silence in the altar spoke volumes.

"You may exchange the wedding rings."

The wedding rings were just simple pieces of gold and precious gems. They meant nothing in comparison with their hidden rings, those they exchange so many years ago in secret. The ones they forged with their sweat and blood. That netherite ring that hunged from Dream's neck inside his garment, decorated with the most brilliant emerald and the most splendid ruby that reminded him of his lovers.

Jschlatt smirked from the front row, chest inflating with pride as he enjoyed the sight of his little brother's trembling body. But he didn't see the exciting wide smile of Dream's face covered in the golden veil attached to the golden and black decorations in his styled hair. Dream wasn't trembling in fear, he trembled in excitement. His insides felt so warm and he couldn't stop himself from shaking both from the cold and pure happiness.

"In front of the heavens and earth, with all the presents as witnesses; with the power bestowed upon me by their godly majesties, I declare Technoblade, Philza Minecraft, and Dream Wastaken

husbands."

Husbands. Dream smiled. *What a nice way to call his beloveds.*

"Now you might recite your wedding vows."

Silence. Dream's lips were sealed tight not by nervousness, of course not, he had waited so much time to get this opportunity. But he felt unsafe. Not because of the thousands of eyes laid on him, but that specific pair of amber eyes. He feared what Jschlatt might do when he notices their love, their honest devotion. He feared what the man would be capable to do with his hatred fueled by years and years of discord sewed since their first words.

He had just married the lovers he has missed for years, his heart wouldn't stand being separated again.

"We do not need *you* as a witness, the heavens and earth are enough."

"Then, I announce this ceremony completed. Please, vacant the altar so that their Majesties can exchange vows privately," Wilbur calmly instructed, whispering a barely spoken 'I got this' as he passed by the three newlywedded.

Jschlatt wouldn't be Jschlatt if he didn't poke on people's pain, especially this *dear* brother of his. He stood up and walked towards the Dream at the altar. He stopped one stair before reaching the platform and offered a weird towards the new *happily* married threesome.

"Do not fear, Dream, they will take *good* care of you."

Without waiting for a reply, Jschlatt turned around and left the altar. His dark chuckles resounding in the tall roof along with the click of the main entrance closing. Silence fell upon the now husbands until a burst of soft laughter broke it, followed by a wheezing one and a deep one.

"The plan worked perfectly, he suspects nothing," a mocking tone spoke, tuning down to a gentle one as his blue eyes softened towards him, "Dream..."

"I missed you so much," Dream's lips trembled as he spoke and he choked down a sob, "I—I really thought that he would—"

"We wouldn't have allowed that," a deep voice assured him, calloused hands holding his smaller ones as his tone lowered, "You're safe now, Dream, he can't harm you anymore. You are no longer the Prince of the Esempee, but the Queen of the Antarctic Empire. He doesn't have power over you anymore, you don't have to fear."

The golden veil was removed from his head and Dream could finally take a good look at his husbands. Technoblade's form shifted from the towering piglin to a lower, but still tall human. The enchantments in his clothes vibrated, the entire outfit adjusting to his lower height. Blood red fabrics hugged the warrior's big frame, perfect golden needlework formed detailed patterns of dragons. The Antarctic Empire bowed to their king as their Dragon Warrior, a man who could conquer and kill, slain and attack, and most importantly, *win*.

Philza stood by Technoblade's side. He didn't shapeshift, instead, his long black feathered wings always spread proudly behind him. Dark forest green fabrics decorated his tall body. Patterns of perfect needlework formed an imposing phoenix. The Antarctic Empire bowed to their king as their

Feathered Advisor, a man who could come up with a solution to droughts and floods, who could stop corruption and bring prosperity, and most importantly, a man who knew it *all*.

Dream tried his best not to cry, but he did sniff a little. His chest swelled with a warm feeling with just their presence. He finally scaped Jschlatt's influence, and was now far away from the Esempee kingdom with the two most powerful people in the entire world and most importantly, with his *lovers*.

He felt safe.

After the altar ceremony, the husbands went to the main hall to receive their wedding gifts. Dream smiled at the guests, thanking them and accepting their kind words. He noticed it right away. How the court officials and nobles had that hint of genuine kindness in their voices along with a deep respect for them. It made Dream feel warm, completely opposite of the coldness of the venom-filled conversations with the higher-ups in the Esempee.

The dining hall boosted that night as nobles and commoners shared tables to celebrate their king's wedding and their new queen's arrival. While everyone filled their stomachs with delicacies and wine, Dream immersed himself in his warm little world with Phil's wing protectively wrapping him closer and blocking Jschlatt's view from them. The man didn't dare to get closer with the pair of bloody red and chilling blue eyes fixed on him.

Dream dried the water droplets from his body and his wet hair with a soft towel. He wrapped himself in the only robe prepared for him by the servants. The thin white fabric felt soft against his skin. It had flower patterns and could be tied in his waist; Dream liked the design.

Walking out of the bathroom, he entered his new bedroom. The bed was huge, bigger than necessary for three people and it was surrounded by cascading transparent red fabric that reached the floor and hung from the ceiling. It also felt soft in his hands as he moved it away, getting rid of his feet to drop himself in the soft black bedding, spreading his limbs, and hearing his bones cracking pleasantly.

Dream wondered why the banquet had extended for so long. He retired early from the banquet when political conversations emerged and Phil told him to wait for them back in the chambers. Just before he stood up to walk away, Technoblade inclined towards him and whispered deeply into his ear, "Don't touch yourself until we get there."

Dream felt his cheeks heating up at the memory even when he pressed his face on a cold pillow.

He hoped his husbands would come soon.

"You look so beautiful like this, Dream, so pretty."

Dream shivered at the deep, warm breath in his neck, wet tongue brushing against his sensitive scent gland. Warm hands stroked his body under the flimsy piece of clothing, Technoblade's nails dug into his thick tights as Phil caressed his face with his thumb. Just from those light touches, his entire body *burned*, years of separation finally claiming its price in the form of an intense desire to be *filled*.

"I-I need," Dream whined out, "need more, please--"

"Such a needy thing," Technoblade teased with a smirk, dragging his index fingers from the exposed neck of the omega all the way down his spine. The warrior admired the shiver that shook the other's body, mouth watering at the sweet scent that Dream emanated.

Technoblade splayed the omega's legs open, adoring the cute way he yelped in surprise. He blew air at the slicking hole, watching it stutter adorably as more clear liquid leaked out, giving off an inviting sweet smell. And Tehcnoblade *tasted* it. Tongue pressed on the hole, easily breaking through the loose rim as he slurped shamelessly. Dream tasted like freshly picked up peaches with honey and sounded so adorable with his little mewls and mumbles. Saliva dripped from the warrior's lips, mixed with slick and dripping down the omega's tights. Technoblade pushed his fat tongue *deep*, feeling the walls clenching as Dream pressed back against his face.

Dream's pupils were wide as drool dripped from his open mouth shamelessly letting out the cutest sounds. Phil took the omega's chin, leaning down to kiss his lips softly at first before feeling the hunger overtake. He *devoured* the smaller man's mouth, feeling electric jolts when their tongues rubbed against in a messy wet manner. Dream broke out of the kiss suddenly, widening as he opened his mouth in a silent moan that ended in a whimper as more slick dripped down from his needy hole.

"Fuck, you're so open already," Technoblade murmured, watching how his two big fingers easily disappeared into the naturally self-lubricant hole. He pushed in a third one and began fucking Dream with his fingers, pace unforgiving as he pushed out lustful moans.

"Nooo, Phiiil, it's not enough," Dream whined in the older man's arms, making him chuckle lightly before peppering his face with kisses.

"I-it's big!", Dream suddenly yelped, eyes widening as his entire body spasmed, legs shaking as he mumbled out nonsense until he came with a cry.

"That was just the head, darling," Technoblade growled proudly, pushing himself slowly in so that Dream could feel him entirely, feel his entire throbbing length fucking into his small hole.

Dream's mind melted away, all senses focusing on the thick dick fucking him into Phil's chest, pounding into his drenched hole mercilessly, pushing out the most embarrassing sounds and making his vision go blank. Technoblade dominated him so well, hitting the right spot over and over again while murmuring praises that his lust-filled brain barely processed.

A particular brute thrust fucked him out of his broken state, making him whine darlingsly as his insides were filled completely with loads of thick come as he came a second time, shaking from the intense feeling. His abused rim allowed some of the cum to drip out but it didn't last long as Technoblade maneuvered him to sit down on Phil's equally thick and long length. Dream whimpered when his sore rim was pushed open again.

"Sh, you're doing so great, love, letting us breed you so well," Technoblade cooed pressing soft kisses and little marks around his neck already covered in red marks by Phil while he fucked the omega.

"Can you feel that, Dream?" Phil's gentle tone comforted him along with Technoblade's soft touches, his hand pressed on the bulge in the smaller's belly, right where his dick expanded him up along with Technoblade's load. Dream nodded almost timidly, teary eyes staring down at his slightly inflated tummy.

"You're going to be such a good mommy, darling, such a good mother for our children," Technoblade muttered, gently turning the omega around without pulling Phil's erection out. He cupped the blond's face and pressed kisses in his nose and cheeks, "You're doing so good, my love, letting us breed you so well."

Dream cried, emotions washing over him. His inner omega rejoiced at the thought of carrying his alpha's children, to bear *their* children. He squirmed in the strong arms holding and he pushed down, feeling the thick length filling him up to the brim.

"Ple—please, I want your pups, fill me— oh!"

Dream's eyes whiteout once more time as Phil slammed into him, all gentleness lost at the moment Dream begged oh-so preciously. Phil trusted up into the smaller's clamping hole, pushing out some of Technoblade's previous load with each merciless pound. He reached out to hold Dream's legs from under his knees, not surprised by the blond's flexibility.

Technoblade felt himself harden at the scene of Phil's dick pounding into his omega's hole, and the cute broken moans and begs of the omega. He focused his attention on Dream's puffy rosy nipples, sucking one of them into his mouth and nipping it with his teeth, careful of his sharp teeth. Blood red eyes widened in surprise at the taste of fucking *milk*.

Technoblade let go of the swollen bud to properly tease both nipples with his hands. Dream made the cutest sound when he *barely* squeezed the buds. White milk leaked out of them and the warrior licked it all, savoring the sweet taste of it.

Dream's hands gripped pink locks carelessly, eyes wide open as he pushed himself down with every thrust. Phil fucked him open so good, constantly hitting his abused sweet spot mercilessly, making his dick leak into the drying stains of his previous orgasm. Dream clenched his teeth as his third orgasm washed over him in a hot wave, Phil kept fucking into his mistreated rim, pumping thick cum into it in an obscene squelching sound.

"You did so well, so, so good," Phil's voice sounded hoarse from all the lustful sounds he let out, but his tone was gentle when he praised the omega, *his* omega, "Look at you, filled up with our cum, filled with *our* pups."

Dream whimpered at Phil's warm hand pressing on his swollen belly. The omega rested his forehead in Technoblade's shoulder as his entire body spasmed. He felt full to the brim with loads of cum and Phil's dick still inside of him. The gentle touches in his belly were comforting for his slightly spasming body, overstimulation washing over his body in an almost painful way.

Dream's eyelids felt too heavy and he yawned. He fell asleep hearing his lover's, his alpha's, his husband's praises and love-filled touches. He giggled a little, he indeed was filled to the brim with

their *love*.

"Pleeease!"

"No darling, you're already *full* and you're still sensitive."

Dream whined and pouted. He didn't understand why he felt that way. He felt needy and touchy, but he knew Phil had a point, Phil always knew everything. Yet, that didn't stop him from complaining dramatically as Technoblade rubbed his swollen belly carefully with his calloused hands. Phil chuckled at his antics and pressed a kiss on his nose and lips before leaving for a mere minute before coming back to a crying omega.

"Hormones Phil," Technoblade spoke with his dramatic monotone tone, lips curving up, "prepare yourself to deal with a pregnant omega for the rest of the year."

"I brought you some rabbit carrot stew, darling."

Dream immediately opened his eyes as he sniffed the vague scent of his favorite meal, the scents of his alpha completely overpowering it. He seemed to forget his crying fit a moment ago as he reached his hands out to his lover, more specifically, towards the very appetizing stew.

"It's hot," Phil remarked and quickly added before the omega's mood dropped again, "I'll feed you."

The rabbit stew tasted glorious, especially with Phil feeding him and after hours of mindless fucking.

Standing between his husbands and dressed up in his royal black attire with golden threads forming intricate patterns of the sun, Dream stared down the raised platform with their thrones towards the extensive lines of people. All the ministers, provincial authorities, commanders, and other important officials of their now *empire* stood below him.

A strong embrace held his right leg, his beloved child nervously clung to his leg as a bad habit. Dream's hand combed the little boy's hair and teary purple eyes stared up at his mother along with trembling lips. Curiously, their child didn't inherit any of their eye colors, but it did inherit Dream's golden locks along with patches of Phil's darker blond ones. The kid did inherit Technoblade's social awkwardness.

"Our respects to the Dragon Emperor, thanks for the years of conquering and winning our empire's glory!"

"Our respects to the Phoenix Emperor, thanks for the years of guiding our country through corruption and natural disasters!"

"Our respects to the Mother Empress, thanks for the years of protection to our country's wellbeing and children!"

Watching rows and rows of people bowing down at him in respect made Dream's heart shiver.

Mother Empress.

The title sounded and *felt* better than King of the Esempee.

Chapter End Notes

Did I just base the dresses of this chapter on the Han dynasty? Yep. Anyways, hope you enjoyed this shot! Kudos and comments are appreciated, and requests will always be welcomed. Have a nice day/evening, stay hydrated!

Wilbur x Dream | Mafia AU

Chapter Summary

Request by Spirit; "If you are still taking requests I was thinking of a mafia one.

Dream is in the mafia and was sent out to kill one person, but what he didn't know was that person would be his partner in crime... Wilbur. The boss had realized that Wilbur was a spy all along, and sent his best man to kill him.

Dream had agreed because he never wanted to betray anyone, well in the end the insane boy Wilbur had over powered him and made him explain, Dream did just that. Dream apologized a lot, Wilbur being himself wanted to something else and of course asked for consent because it's sexy.

Dream in the end is in Wilbur bed enjoying life and ended up joining Wilbur's side.

Kinks- handcuffs, biting, praising, rough."

Chapter Notes

Contents: Mafia Setting, Handcuffs, Rough Sex, Bitting/Marking Kink.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tell Me One More Lie

"Light-skinned, curly brown hair parted in two, dark-brown eyes, currently wearing a black suit with..."

The entire world shifted around him as his heartbeat accelerated, pounding near his ringing ears. *Nightmare* in his hidden holster felt heavier along with his heart as bile moved up his throat. Dream swallowed it down, mind shifting back harshly to reality with the mention of a single name.

"Willy Gold, former high-rank soldier, accused of being an infiltrated spy. Take him down, **now**."

"Yes, sir," Dream pushed out, barely making it without trembling.

The communicator remained silent.

The silence was deafening.

Dream slowly breathed out as he absentmindedly gripped harder the case that held his famous shotgun *Phobia*. Dream knew Willy ~~if that even was his real name~~. He knew that although the brunette could win him in a physical fight, he stood no chance against one of the best shooters in the entire continent. Voluntarily missing the shot would result in questioning from his superiors and that's the last thing he needed after failing a mission.

Yes, failing a mission and breaking his *perfect* kill strikes accumulated during his seven years of experience.

And yes, all for an individual with dubious sanity but with a very cute smile and curly hair that felt so soft in Dream's fingers when he dried it—

Fuck, Dream hated that man so much.

Dream hated this man so fucking much.

But he hated him, even more, when the man's big hand gripped his neck murderously, a little bit more force and Dream knows his neck will snap. He had seen the brunette doing this before, he just never thought the man would ever lay a hand on him like this.

"What's the fun in burning down things when my favorite lawbreaker isn't with me?"

Fucking liar.

His legendary smiley face mask was torn away forcefully from his face and Dream forced his eyes open to glare at the man's red blood eyes— wait a fucking minute, the other's eyes always had been dark brown. His fuzzy air-lacking mind barely processed the life-taking grip in his neck loosening when he desperately choked in air, mind filled with those murderous red blood eyes.

"Dream?"

"Fuck you," Dream gagged out before choking in his own saliva and having a coughing fit that made him hold himself to the closest thing that, to his ~~bad~~ luck, ended up being the other's chest.

"You can do that later, sweetheart. But first," Dream shivered at the sudden change of tone, a firm hand gripping his waist to help him stay on his feet as a warm breath leaned down to his ear to whisper cold words, "tell me what are you doing here."

"What are *you* doing infiltrating into *my* hotel room in the middle of the night, sweetie?" the brunette's deep tone teased him, dragging him into his mind plays as he brushed his chapped lips in the soft pale skin of Dream's neck, "Is it that you missed me? Or is it that they sent you to kill *me*?"

Dream's body froze, eyes fixed on the button of the other's black silk shirt as his brain quickly processed all the possible answers and outcomes, many of which ended with his neck snapped. He refused to tremble in the other's arms and the other's grip remained bruising and tight. He wondered if the brunette would be capable of stopping him before he reached Nightmare and put a bullet in his heart, but he knew that he wouldn't be capable of pulling the trigger either way. In the end, he resorted to doing what he always did when it came to this man.

Be honest.

"I'm sorry," Dream breathed out finally, shoulders lowering as he raised his head to face the other man. Dark brown eyes stared down at him with a hurt feeling that made his heart clench and Dream felt his legs weak.

"The boss knows you're a spy, he told me to come to *finish* you, but I, I just couldn't, you're, you're my, my, whatever we are, but I can't shoot *you*!"

"You could've put the bullet in my head and not risk your life like this, sweetheart," the brunette

smiled sadly, tracing circles in Dream's hip as his other hand gripped the man's waist firmly in place, not giving him the chance to go away.

"Who said I came here to kill you? I'm here to warm you, you asshole! Get the fuck out of this country or something! You're in danger, idiot, don't just call me sweetheart or sappy shit like that when the boss wants you fucking *dead*."

"You don't want me dead?" he asked instead and Dream felt so frustrated with the man's lack of fear of dying that he didn't notice the relief in the brunette's voice.

"If I wanted you dead, you wouldn't have lived up to this day, Willy Gold— or whatever your real name is, just, go away, ok? You're in danger," Dream's tone softened, worry evident in his eyes that rivaled the purest jade as he tugged the other man's shirt firmly in his two fists, ready to shake some sense into his insane head.

"Wilbur Soot," the brunette replied instead.

"What?" Dream stared at the man as if a second head grew on his shoulders.

"My name's Wilbur Soot."

"Okay..." Dream extended the final sound, brows frowning as he asked, "what does that have to do with the current situation?"

"I want you to know my true name, Dream, I also want you to know that—"

"Wilbur, the entire Manburg has their eyes fixed on your head, could you please push your craziness aside and worry a little about your life and death?" Dream angered, gripping Wilbur's shirt's collar tightly to drag his head down to meet his eye level. His tone suddenly dropped to almost a whimper, "Please get out of the country soon and stay safe, could you do that Wilbur?"

"No, I can't," Wilbur responded harder than he would've liked, and immediately regretted it when Dream's expression shifted into a pained one. The brunette couldn't help but remember the only time he ever saw the thick-skinned man break down into shoulder-shaking cries. The phantom pain of twelve bullets in his body surged again, grounding him back to reality.

"I will be fine," the brunette assured when he felt Dream pressing his face into his chest and strong arms wrapping around his chest. Wilbur softened his grip on the man's waist and reached out his other arm to rub Dream's back soothingly, "I promise Dream, I will stay safe and sound."

"I don't believe it," Dream mumbled out, voice muffled in Wilbur's chest. The brunette could hear his pout.

"You don't have any other option, sweetie," Wilbur's words tease, but his tone remained tender, his eyes fixed on the mess of blond hair pressed in his chest. Dream felt warm in his arms and didn't respond, letting out an annoyed sound as he nuzzled his face on the soft silk shirt.

"I'm sorry," Dream mumbled before pulling away, but not quite getting away with Wilbur's hand firmly holding his waist.

"Hm?" Wilbur's eyebrow perked up with interest.

"I'm sorry I couldn't tell you before and— I don't know, just, sorry."

Dream lowered his head, but even though the golden locks framed his face, Wilbur could notice

the guilty manner in which his lips shivered in a small pout, eyes glistening with unshed tears as he tried to pull away but Wilbur held him close.

Wilbur had no intention of letting him go anytime soon.

"If you're truly sorry, why don't you compensate me in another way, sweetheart?" Wilbur teased, easily pushing the shorter man into the closest wall and caging him between his arms. Dream's eyes were fixed on the ground, head bowed slightly in a rare state of obedience that looked *exquisite* for the brunette.

"What would you like?" Dream asked with a soft tone, but his eyes burned into Wilbur's suspiciously.

"I was thinking of something more... *physical*."

Wilbur waited for a punch breaking his nose or maybe a long kettle-like wheeze. Because even if the desire in his words were sincere, Dream had always laughed or brushed off all his previous flirting attempts. Wilbur had expected history to repeat itself, not for the man to bashfully blush, lowering his face even more as he murmured a low "fine" that Wilbur's ear barely caught.

"Wha-what?"

"I said, it's fine, I, uh, let me take a shower first, I'm sweaty and, uhm, I need to prepare myself..."

Wilbur blinked down stupidly at the man caged in his arms, taking a good look at the flush freckled cheeks and pouty lips. And from their height difference, Wilbur could barely see through the thick golden eyelashes to the pair of emerald eyes looking at his shoes as if they were the most interesting thing in the world. The stupor was washed away quickly by a sudden urge of teasing. Dream looked so small, pristine, and *vulnerable*. The complete opposite of the confident, prime sharpshoot of Manburg Wilbur was used to.

Wilbur wanted to *ravish* him.

"Can you, uhm, let me go?"

"Don't make me wait too long, sweetheart, or I'll punish you," Wilbur's teasing seemed to spark something back into the other man. Dream yanked his shirt's collar once more time, bringing his face down to his level to look at him eye to eye, cheeks still flushed but lips curved in a mischievous smile.

Wilbur wanted to erase that smile so badly and turn him into a compliant moaning mess—

Dream's lips felt soft just as he imagined, but it took Wilbur a couple of seconds to reciprocate the soft kiss. He had imagined this feeling so many times, but none of his imagination could possibly match up to the satisfaction he felt at that moment. He bit down the other's lower lip but Dream pulled away, pressing his index finger in his lips as he smiled innocently.

"Not yet, pretty boy."

Dream then turned around to get into the bathroom and closed the door without even looking back at him. A click announced the door had been locked and Wilbur almost screamed in frustration as he walked towards the big bed of the room. He sat down on the soft mattress, fishing out his phone from his pocket to make a call.

"I need you to get me something, **now**."

Dream experimentally tugged his cuffed hands. The material around his wrists felt soft and didn't restrain his wrists much, but kept his hands bound behind his back. Wilbur's teeth grazed the back of his neck and he shivered, letting out an embarrassing sound. Extending his fingers, he could feel Wilbur's toned abdomen behind his back. He could feel Wilbur's thinly clothed erection pressed on his naked right buttock and fuck, it felt *huge*.

Dream positioned himself better, pushing the hardness in between his *other* cheeks, and moving his hip in circles to tease it, only for a firm pair of hands to grip him down. Wilbur's teeth dragged up to his ear and bit down the lobe softly, his warm breath made Dream shiver, "If you tease me, don't blame me for shoving my dick right into you."

"What are you? A madman with no self-control?" Dream bit back before jolting up with a choked moan at the sharp bite laid on his shoulder so deep it'll remain there for a *long* time.

"I lose all my control when it comes to this fat ass of yours, sweetheart," Wilbur's hands traced down from his lean back, pressing down the small layer of fat to touch the ripe muscles that showed the physical training he underwent every day. He traveled lower, adoring the way Dream arched his back at the feathering touch, and stopped when his hands reached the plumpness of his ass. He dipped his fingers in the soft flesh, using his left thumb to move away his left cheek to reveal a pink wrinkled hole. His right thumb rubbed the wet entrance, easily pressing in.

"No need to prepare me, I already did it— ah!" Dream jolted up before pushing down on the digit inside of him with a shameful wet clench sound.

Wilbur ignored his words as he moved his thumb in circles, teasing the soft walls with fluid movements before pulling out the digit. With his other hand, he reached out for a bottle of lube from inside a shopping bag. A generous amount of the oily substance was squeezed in his fingers and he spread it around his index and middle fingers. Dream impatient groans were replaced by lustful moans and pants as Wilbur shoved in his two fingers, causing the other to arch his back perfectly to give a clear view of his clenching hole sucking in Wilbur's fingers.

"This is supposed to be a compensation, Dream," Wilbur spoke as the other man gasped sharply at the third finger invading his warm insides, spreading him further apart and forcing several lustful moans out of him, "but you are not being *accomodating* enough, sweetheart, how are you going to compensate me if you're so disobedient?"

Dream muttered out a cried "sorry" and Wilbur would have stopped if it wasn't because the man clenched around his fingers, pressing himself down to feel them deeper and so, the brunette experimentally tried to push in a fourth one. The rim easily gave access to the fourth digit and Wilbur smirked at the sight of four of his finger spreading his criminal accomplice's ass.

"Seems like you were made to take it, sweetie, your slutty hole is taking my fingers so eagerly and *easily*."

Dream moaned at Wilbur's words, feeling the digits spreading him apart and pushing deeper than his own fingers could. His vision and mind blurred when the fingers began rubbing his sweet spot, forcing a lewd moan out of him as another sharp bite sunk into his neck.

"Wilbur, ah, no—" Dream's whine immediately froze Wilbur in place. His brain began considering all the things he might have done wrong when a *slutty* mewl pulled him out of his thoughts, "Wilbur, please, please, please, I need you inside of me, *please*."

Wilbur slowly processed what was happening as his cock twitched with interest and lips curved

into a *cruel* smirk. He moved his finger faster, replacing the slow and almost lazy pace he maintained through the session. Dream's breath quickened, a trail of whiny moans escaping his spit-covered lips, Wilbur's quick pace hit all the perfect spots at an unforgiving speed, pushing him further and further into his desired orgasm but he didn't feel quite satisfied. He offered it as compensation, but the brunette did almost all the job until that moment. Dream opened his mouth, ready to talk before fucking *whining* when Wilbur suddenly stopped his movements.

"You've been a bad boy, Dream," Wilbur's hot breath in his ear made him shiver, his teeth bit their way down to Dream's shoulder, leaving a final deep bite before licking the red mark, "you don't deserve my cock, do you?"

"Wilbur— ah, please, I need you inside," Dream whined out, trying to move his hips but Wilbur grabbed him firmly down, his four fingers buried deep into his eager hole, remaining him of the pleasure he sought for but couldn't get.

"I *am* inside of you, sweetie," Wilbur mocked, moving his finger just a little to prove his point, earning him another whine.

"Nooo, I want— I want your cock Wilbur, please, fuck, I need it," Dream grumbled, sniffing a little, "I want to *satisfy* you."

"Are you going to be a good boy, then? Make my cock feel so good inside this tight hole of yours?" Wilbur tried to keep his cool, but his breath quickened. The all-mighty Dream whined over his lap, hands tied voluntarily, face blush, begging for his cock. Fuck, Wilbur never thought this fantasy of his would be accomplished ever.

"Yes! I'm going to make you feel so good, use my tight hole to satisfy yourself, just, please, please, I need you," Dream choked out and he felt like crying, his hardened dick aching flat against his abdomen, dripping slick messily. He could see it perfectly, but couldn't touch it to relieve the tension because of the handcuffs, but that made him even hornier, knowing that he had no control of the situation, that he was at Wilbur's mercy, and that the man could do *anything* and he wouldn't be able to fight back. He yelped at the sudden emptiness, incapable of holding back a mewl at the loss.

Wilbur hurriedly pulled out his aching erection off his boxers, squeezing more lube into his hand before spreading it around his dripping dick, sighing at the sensation. He then pushed Dream carefully, making sure that the man's chest fell on a soft pillow and his face moved to breathe. The recently-brought soft black handcuffs tied Dream's hand behind his back, and Wilbur knew that he would be capable of breaking the fragile cuffs easily, but he didn't. Instead, Dream lifted up his hips, arched his back, and spread his legs apart slightly, giving him a good view of his wet puffy hole. His red face half hid in the pillow, burning in shame while his insides burned with need, and soon after, burned deliciously around the thick dick shoved inside him abruptly, ripping out a lascivious whine from his throat.

Dream shook and whimpered, incapable of holding into nothing while his body jostled with Wilbur's rough thrusts. He felt Wilbur's teeth nipping the skin of his back as his hard, thick cock pushed roughly inside the soft walls clenching with unholy sounds. Wilbur's hands gripped his hips, forcing him to stay still as he pounded into him mercilessly. Dream moaned his name, choking out cries and *sobbing* when Wilbur hit a specific spot that made his legs shake, losing strength as he pressed his face into the pillow, focusing on breathing while Wilbur continued his brutal pace.

"You're doing so good, sweetie, you're taking my cock so good," Wilbur spoke as he stared at himself disappearing completely into Dream's hotness, tight walls clenching around him tensing at

the praise, "Your pretty ass is squeezing me so *good*, it feels like fucking *heavens*. Aw, you're shaking already, sweetheart? Don't worry, I got you."

Dream screamed into the pillow at a particularly deep and harsh thrust directly into his prostate, pushing his warm chest further into the pillow and making his head feel fuzzy from breathing with his nose pressed in the pillow and the abuse of his hole by Wilbur's fat cock didn't help much. There was an underlying sting in the pleasure, but it felt good; the thought that Wilbur was fucking against his prostate so hard his insides felt like rearranging, driving him over the edge while he could do nothing but press his face in the pillow and *take* it. Wilbur's hands moved down to spread his cheeks and Dream whined when his thumbs rubbed around his sore hole.

Dream's body stiffened before he cried, eyes rolling back his skull as a full-body orgasm washed over him, throwing into a brutal ecstasy while Wilbur's pace remained violent, fucking him through his orgasm and into overstimulation as his dick softened in a messy pool of cum and slick. Dream yelped a sharp thrust that shook his sensitive body and felt Wilbur's teeth sinking again into his shoulder in a sharp bite that made him whine.

"You did so good, sweetie, so good for me, and only me," Wilbur whispered into his ear, nipping softly at his earlobe for a brief moment before pulling him up carefully, letting Dream's back press against his chest, both of their bodies covered in sweat and Dream's slightly shaking.

"Wil, 'm tired," Dream mumbled out, letting a soft mewl when Wilbur pulled out his sore bottom.

"Sorry I was rough," Dream lifted up his face to see Wilbur pouting as a sad puppy, and he chuckled, reaching out to rustle the sweaty brown hairs."m okay, and it felt good," Dream assured him, pressing himself further into the warm chest, not caring about the sweat when his eyelids felt so heavy and his body sore.

"You can sleep, I'll take care of you," Wilbur whispered, pressing soft kisses on his nape, over the red bite marks.

Dream sighed, trying to relieve all the tension in his body as Wilbur's arms wrapped around him comfortably. He closed his eyes, ignoring the dampness in his cheeks as he fell asleep.

"Are you insane?!" Wilbur scream-whispered to his phone, pacing around the balcony of his hotel room as he checked up on the sleeping figure of ~~his lover~~ the blond in bed, covered in a soft cotton sheet and dressed in his clothes.

"I was just testing him," Wilbur wished he could punch his older brother through the phone.

"I confused him with an intruder, I could've killed him!"

"But you didn't," his brother replied in his classical lifeless tone, making him feel even angrier.

"But--"

"And you fucked him," his brother cut him off.

"What-- you send someone to spy on me?!" Wilbur almost lost control and screamed, but managed to lower his voice to not wake the other man up.

"I was just guessing, but now I'm disgusted."

"I hate you."

"Hate you too."

Wilbur remained silent, hearing the soft breathing on the other side until his older brother spoke again, "By the way, dad says that you should come to have dinner with us someday."

"Oh, tell him I miss him and that I'll find a day."

"I will."

"Thanks."

"Goodbye."

"Take care, Tech."

There was a moment of silence, and just when Wilbur reached out to end the call, he heard a response.

"You take care too, Wil."

"Dream, I never asked you what your favorite food was, so I asked the hotel to prepare a bit of everything. Would you like pancakes? Or some soup? Or maybe oatmeal? Shit, I forgot to ask for noodle, wait a second, let me just—"

"Wilbur! It's fine, I'll have the soup, it smells good, is it chicken soup?" Dream chuckled at the man's antics and tried to stand out of bed, only for the brunette to push him back down.

"It's vegetable... But I will get you some chicken soup, just give me a minute, all right, baby? I will be right back—"

"Wilbur!"

"Right, I won't leave, I'll just call the hotel's reception, wait for me a second, darling."

Dream opened his mouth to protest, but Wilbur had already leaped outside the balcony with his phone on hand. The blond wheezed at the brunette's behavior as he rested in the soft pillows. His heart fluttered at Wilbur's behavior and he prepared himself to confront his boss and abandon his position.

Joining the SBI mafia didn't sound so bad at that moment.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter. Take care, stay safe and hydrated! <3

Kudos and comments are highly appreciated!

Shy!Alpha!Fundy x Dominant!Omega!Dream | Royalty & Hybrids AU

Chapter Summary

Request from Tired student; "Fundy and Dream in their wedding night. Fundy is all shy and then there's shameless Dream 🤔👉"

Chapter Notes

Contains: Royalty (heavily based on Chinese Dynasties), Shy Alpha/Dominant Omega Dynamics, Dirty Talk, Breeding Kink, Implied Pregnancy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Destiny Loves To Play With Soulmate's Hearts

"I hereby announced that my son, the Second Prince, will marry the Esempee's emperor!"

Fundy filled his lungs with air as he clenched his hands, ears ringing with the echoes of the loud "Yes, Your Royal Majesty" his father received. He closed his eyes, moving his lips along with the others to match their response, not daring to defy his father's orders. Even if he was born a prince, Fundy knew that in his father's eyes, he couldn't match up with his other brother's merits.

Unlike his eldest brother, he lacked physical strength and couldn't command their armies to conquer. Unlike his third brother, he lacked the intelligence to negotiate with foreign nations. And unlike his younger brother, he lacked the charisma to win people's attention and favor. His only talent and passion were building mechanisms, but for someone born as a prince, that skill was deemed useless. So, the last option in his father's eyes was to give him up to try and gain the favor of the ruthless Esempee's emperor.

Even if that meant that his own son stood a high chance of dying.

Crown Prince Ardorius from the Eldaernth nation.

Prime Minister Baraor from the Finion nation.

War General Tipandon from the Faenor nation.

All the three previously mentioned men were alphas that shared admirable reputations, spectacular beauty, and prominent backgrounds. More than that, they shared the same cause of death because all three of them died in the Esempee's emperor's chambers for unknown reasons.

Fundy sighed to himself as he was escorted by his father's guards to his room. He had no admirable

reputation, nor incredible beauty, and although he was a prince, he had no influence in his nation's court. Such a person with no power like him won't last long in the ruthless emperor's hands. He wondered if the man would be mercifully enough to give him a quick, painless death.

Fundy couldn't stop himself from remembering that one faithful night. The details didn't matter as he couldn't remember them. All he could remember was the black porcelain mask shattering to reveal sharp intoxicating green eyes. He would forever be grateful for the mysterious blond man that saved his life from some assassins on that fatidical day, but he knows he won't have a chance to see him ever again.

Maybe in another life, we will meet, Cerus.

Fundy should've known that his greedy father would not let him die in vain. Of course, the man would try to gain something out of this. But he didn't expect him to be this obvious!

"It's said that the emperor of the Esempee is a graceful man with an unblemished beauty, now that my two eyes have seen your Imperial Majesty I can say that you truly live up to your reputation!"

Fundy didn't conceal the exasperation in his face as he rolled his eyes along with his younger brother's words, Inchel. Of course, his father would send this brother of his to try and gain the emperor's favor with sweet words. Huffing, he deadpanned at the thin golden screen covering the ruler's body sitting on his throne. On each side of the emperor's figure, sat four more people that Fundy assumed were the famous confidants of the ruler.

All four of them ranked among the top fighters of the country, and each of them had exceptional talents. Be it in archery, poison, sword fighting, or even physiological manipulation, not many people can rival those four confidants of the Esempee's emperor.

Fundy wondered which of them would be the one sent to kill him.

"Oh?" mockery trailed along with the voice as the figure of the emperor stood up. Fundy eyes focused on the fluid motions of the man walking behind the screen as he revealed himself with a sly smile, "Do you wish to take another look? Where is the unblemished beauty you're referring to?"

Fundy's eyes widened at the sight. Black robes with golden designs covered a lean body, dripping over his slender shoulder and hugging his slim waist. The emperor didn't have nor did he need a crown, for his hair itself could rival any gold. Golden locks fell over his shoulder like liquid gold, framing his face. His well-proportioned and attractive face was covered in scars, both old and new, littered around his face along with cute freckles. The "unblemished beauty" was nowhere to be found, but Fundy had to admit that the emperor had a mature kind of beauty. But it wasn't his beauty that baffled him, but the pair of confident green eyes that lay in his own.

Cerus?!

"Your beauty leaves me speechless your Imperial Majesty, it's eye-opening for me to have the chance to see you in person, I am truly enamored—"

"If you truly are so enamored, why don't you and beg your father to marry you to me instead?" The

emperor countered with a smirk, tapping his chin with the tip of his closed hand fan. Fundy's heart constricted under the emperor's firm gaze over his body despite talking to his brother.

"I—" Fundy relished his brother's stupefaction, but he never broke eye contact with intoxication green ones.

"Second Prince of the Morwen nation, please accompany to stroll in the royal gardens," the emperor's expression softened just enough for Fundy's heart to explode, and before he could accept or deny it, the man turned around and left with his confidants following him.

The royal gardens of the Esempee empire were at least five times larger than his home's one, and Fundy got lost. He blamed it on the emperor for not sending someone to guide him and mumbled curses under his breath as he wandered aimlessly through corridors and paths until he found him. Fundy's breath hitched at the image of the ruler gleefully eating sunflower seeds as he sat on the edge of a stone bridge.

"Cerus..." Fundy called softly, ignoring his rapid beating heart as he walked towards the man a bit too fast, but he just couldn't hold his excitement.

"Fundy." The emperor nodded as he threw the empty shells into the floor like a spoiled brat, but Fundy focused on the intoxicating green eyes staring him with a yearning feeling. Rosy lips opened to say, "Cerus was just a code name I used, my name is Dream."

"Dream," Fundy called again, feeling something warm bubble in his stomach as he stood aside him and stared at his face for a long time. He had dreamed of that face for such a long time, he couldn't pull himself to understand what a twist of events had happened for them to end up like this.

"Destiny truly loves to fuck with me," Dream spoke up suddenly as he patted the spot next to him. Fundy took it as an invitation and carefully sat down before immediately regretting it at the sight of deep clear waters below his hanging feet. All the intrigue in his heart died as his tail popped out and twitched nervously behind him. He cursed silently when he realized that his fear had triggered his hybrid parts to pop out.

"As expected, you're a fox hybrid."

"As expected?"

"All your family are fox hybrids, it's obvious."

"Then, what are you?" Fundy asked curiously. The fact that the emperor of the Esempee was an omega was well-known, but nobody truly knew which kind of hybrid he was. Some speculated he would be a strong species such as a tiger or a bear, but at the end of the day, nobody knew. Plus, he couldn't remember Dream ever telling or showing him before.

The emperor's expression tensed and the fox-hybrid froze, hairs standing up as he gripped the concrete hard. He avoided the ruler's eyes, fearing that he might be pulverized if he angered the man further. He shouldn't have asked so quickly, he should've thought before speaking. He hoped Dream didn't see him as a heartless man who didn't care for other people's feelings because if he did, Fundy would cry. Rough skin tapped his chin and made him turn towards the ruler, but he

didn't dare to open his eyes.

"If you can satisfy me on our wedding night, you will have your answer."

Fundy opened his eyes to find mischievous green ones staring down at him with a sly smirk. He opened his mouth, ready to scream out in pure panic, but the ruler's fingers pressed against his lips. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the shameless remark in public, but he did miss it.

He had missed Cerus Dream's shamelessness.

"This is ridiculous!"

"Huh?" The emperor seemed surprised with his exclamation, brows furrowing as he pondered for a moment, "You're right, this is not enough. You! Look for more gold and silver in the deposit. And you! Buy more clothing!"

"What?!" Fundy panicked but nobody paid him attention as both servants nodded and bowed before leaving them alone in the main hall. Around them, wooden chests littered around, some filled with precious metals, others with expensive jewelry, clothing, and medicine. Fundy knew that the Esempee was a rich and prosperous empire, but he never thought their emperor could be this extreme! Furthermore, why is the emperor preparing betrothal gifts for his family? He's not a girl!

"I'm not a girl, why the hell are you sending betrothal gifts to my parents?!"

The emperor offered him a blank expression as if he just asked why one plus one is two, making him feel even more frustrated and stupid.

"You're marrying into *my* palace," the ruler remarked and Fundy immediately opened his mouth to retort, only finding himself lacking any contradiction. He could feel his cheeks burn and seeing the emperor's sly smile, he barely kept himself from screeching in panic.

Shameless! Utterly shameless!

The wedding ceremony developed perfectly. Fundy managed to remain calm and composed during the entire ritual even when he feared he would become the object of ridicule if he tripped. But the emperor's presence grounded him. The ruler had a strong aura that could make people feel small and bow down with his confident eyes, but Fundy found himself enjoying his company. If Dream was there with him, he knew that the man would protect him, even if it was his father's greedy hands or his brother's dirty remarks.

The common ritual of Manburg's royal family was used for their wedding and it consisted of three bows; one bow to Heaven and Earth, one bow to parents of the couple, and one bow for each other. But, Dream refused to bow down to his parents and Fundy couldn't blame him. Such a proud man with great achievements and incomparable talents like Dream would not simply bow down to anyone, even if that person was a king and the father of the man he would marry.

But he did bow down to Fundy.

And if that made Fundy feel giggly and his insides warm, nobody could see it.

Except for Dream, but nobody noticed the softness in his eyes.

"Reporting to Your Imperial Majesty," Fundy sighed at the new title conveyed to him, rubbing the temples of his head to try and calm his growing headache to no avail. The stress of the day-long ceremonies began to affect him, and he cried silently to his ancestor for making such a ridicule amount of rituals for a wedding. But even with his headache, he couldn't stop himself from smiling at the thought that he had married the man he had been thinking and missing for so long.

Vernon bowed to him, and Fundy recognized him easily from the unique scar in the half of this forehead. Dream seemed to trust the man enough to make him deliver messages, and naturally, Fundy trusted his husband's wit. Due to protocol, Vernon would not speak until he was given instructions. Fundy had commented that it seemed a bit cruel until the man helped Sapnap to prank him. The stench of garlic and onions mixed with his own woody scent made his sensible nose clog for days even after he took numerous baths.

Fundy's eyes focused back on reality and he requested, "Speak."

"His Imperial Majesty said you could take the rest of the evening free and to not worry about assisting the banquet if you don't feel like," Vernor explained carefully as always. He never missed important details but didn't make the thing too long. Fundy was glad for that.

"The emperor asked me to tell you to not worry for others' feelings nor for the traditions, your well-being is the most important thing," Vernor continued.

"I will keep it in mind. But, where's him? What is he doing?"

"His Imperial Majesty is hosting the ceremonial banquet, and I assure you that he has everything under control, you don't have to worry."

"This is getting out of control..." Bad commented with a tone between worry and laughter. Complete opposite emotions that somehow mixed together at that moment in a mockery of common sense.

"Should we call Fundy to intervene?" Sapnap whispered loudly in his friend's ear, hiding behind Bad's tall height while peeking over his shoulder at the ongoing fight.

"Nah, let them be, Dream can take this," Antfrost replied in the same scream-hushed manner.

"I'm not worried for Dream, I'm worried for *them*," Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"Aaaand, there he goes," George remarked nonchalantly.

A loud thud echoed through the dining hall as yet another unconscious body joined the pile. Dream cleaned his hands with his pocket-kept handkerchief before giving it to a servant to clean it up. He tidied the non-existent wrinkles in his wedding costume before turning around and leaving the dining hall and a pile of knocked-out bodies.

"Sometimes, I think that no one can be as stupid as Sapnap, but then people try to court a married omega—"

"Excuse *you*, I am not stupid!"

"Of course you are not stupid, you can't be stupid if you lack a brain."

"Take it back, you idiot!"

"George, Sapnap, please—"

"Shut the fuck up, Bad!"

"Language!"

"Your Imperial Majesty, you can't—"

"I am the emperor! And I can't get into my own room?!"

"Manburg's tradition states that newlyweds can't see each other for a period of three days after the ceremony. Your Imperial Majesty, you can't enter—"

"And who's going to stop me?!"

Fundy's brows furrowed curiously at the commotion outside. He stood up from Dream's writing desk and approached their room's door. The commotion outside continued and the fox-hybrid couldn't stop his laughter. He reached out for the door handle and pushed it open just in time for Dream to push him inside and close the door behind them. The complaints sounded muffled with the wood as a barrier and Fundy could've still heard them if it wasn't because all his attention focused on the smaller male pressed against his chest. A soft floral scent teased his nose and made his stomach grumble with a new hunger but the slowly dissipating sour trace made him growl.

The heat burned deep in his stomach. Desire pumped in his veins, even those that stood out of the ivory skin of his hands that reached out to hold Dream's slim waist. Even with the thick layers of red ceremonial robes, he could feel the plumpness of the skin squeezed in his hands. His mouth watered at the sudden burst of fresh floral scent from Dream's body and he lowered his head to the smaller male's neck, delighted when the blond moved his head aside to grant him easier access out of trust.

Shivers ran down their spines when Fundy's wet tongue pressed against the omega's sensitive scent gland, licking briefly before sucking into it. The fox-hybrid paid attention to how his husband's body tensed before melting into the touch. It tasted so sweet in his tongue and Dream smelled *glorious* with his natural scent now with the slight hint of caramel. Fundy smiled at that, knowing

that the omega had forgotten his previous anger. He bit down the skin over the scent gland, carefully of not drawing blood, but enough to tease a low moan out of the other.

"Hey, don't eat me," Dream laughed softly with shaky breathing. Fundy raised his eyes to look at the intense eyes of his husband, eyes dripping with confidence. His heart skipped a beat when the omega smiled at him like he smiled every time someone challenged him. A cheeky, arrogant smile that made Fundy feel stupid in more than one sense.

"Cat got your tongue?" The blond mocked at his lack of movements and Fundy almost choked with his saliva, closing his mouth dumbly while feeling a wet trail finding its way down his throat.

"You were so bold just a moment ago," Dream commented, using his finger to collect the saliva trailing down from the fox-hybrid's neck and bringing it to his opened mouth, licking the liquid out of his finger with his eyes fixed in Fundy's, catching how the man gulped.

"It tastes sweet, I want more."

Before he could react to the sudden firm grip of his robe's collar, Fundy felt Dream pulling him down and soft, warm lips pressed against his own. The kiss remained soft and static until Dream bit down his lower lip, making him open his mouth. The faint sweet hint of an alcoholic drink made his way into his warm cavity along with Dream's tongue, sending sparks through his body as their tongues rubbed together in a moist dance.

Dream pulled away slowly, planting a soft kiss on his husband's lips before parting. His blushed lips curved in a smile, chest moving up and down with uneven breathing yet his tone remained unshaken, "You taste exquisite."

The cheekiness of the ruler's comment went directly to his growing erection. The smell of their mixed scents hung in the air, suffocating them in the scent of their arousal. Beads of sweat gathered on his forehead, trailing down his tense face as Fundy swallowed thickly, not knowing what to do when Dream scanned his body as if he was a meal.

"Now, don't get impatient, pup, the night's young." Of course, the emperor had to tease him, pressing his hand into Fundy's growing erection and giving it an experimental squeeze, smiling wider when the fox-hybrid clenched his jaw, trying hard to not let out an embarrassing sound. The way Dream called him made more blood rush to his cheeks and to his cock.

Unconsciously, Fundy stepped back when Dream stepped forward until Fundy's calves touched a solid surface and his heated brain processed their bed was behind him. Dream's old luxurious bed was replaced by an even more ridiculously luxurious one as a part of Manburg's traditions, and Fundy got to taste how smooth the fabric was when the emperor pushed him into it. As an instinct, he tried to sit up but a sudden weight plopping down his stomach stopped him as he raised his eyes to meet intoxicating green eyes staring down at him with a sly smile. And if his dick couldn't get harder, that sight definitively drove him to the edge.

"Dream, please, I need you," the fox-hybrid implored, golden eyes shining with need under the emperor's intense gaze.

"You look so cute when you're desperate like this, pup," the omega softened his smile, leaning down to press their lips together in a messy kiss involving more tongues than lips. Meanwhile, Dream's hands undid the sash around his waist and threw the piece of clothing to a side as he departed from his husband's swollen lips. Fundy barely held back a whine at the loss, but remained

obedient, watching his husband's fluid movement while taking off his outer robes, also throwing them aside. Using his hands, Fundy sat up, making Dream's position shift from his stomach directly to his crotch. The soft ass pressed down on his erection made him groan.

Milky white shoulder littered with hundreds of freckles and a handful of scars revealed to his eyes as Dream's inner robe slid down. More pale skin appeared and Fundy's breath hitched at the sight of swollen pink nipples accompanied with a huge fading scar in the middle of them. His hand itched to reach out, to roam in the exposed chest and touch the warrior's skin.

Dream discarded his pants and underwear aside and smirked at his husband's gaze fixed on his nipples. He reached out for the fox-hybrid's hand and slid it up to his chest, putting it against one of the pink buds while teasing, "Aw, you like my tits, pup?"

"Yes— yes," Fundy stammered, feeling the warm bud against his hand, and gave it an experimental squeeze that made Dream sigh and shiver.

"Why don't you play with them while I prepare myself for you?" Dream's soft voice danced in his ears and Fundy nodded, completely focused on the red swollen nipples hardening more in his touch. They didn't milk, but that didn't stop the fox-hybrid from sucking one of them. He lapped the nipple, tasting the slightest hint of caramel in it while pants and soft mewls escaped from Dream's swollen lips.

Dream shifted in his lap, his slender fingers ran through Fundy's ginger locks as his other hand reached down. A wet sound caught Fundy's attention and he stared up to see his husband's face contort with effort for a brief moment before relaxing into his usual calmed fractions, yet his lips pressed tightly, suppressing any noise. Then, the fox-hybrid shifted his eyes down, searching for the origin of the squelching humid sound his ears registered. From their position, Fundy could only see Dream's right hand down there, but judging by the quick pace and the mewl his lover let out, he could guess the situation.

Fuck. Fundy could hear his inner animal screeching but he closed his eyes, trying to not focus on his torturous erection. His inner robe wrapped around his sweaty upper body uncomfortably, so he got rid of it.

The contrast of his uninjured chest with Dream's hundreds of scars rose something deep inside of him, something animalistic and *primordial*. It screamed for blood to be shed to repay each scar in his husband's body. It dumbfounded Fundy as his hand traced over the pale but deep scar in the center of Dream's chest. The unknown feeling of bloodthirst alarmed him.

"Don't worry," Dream's breathy tone broke him out of his stupor, his slender fingers reached out for Fundy's to intertwine them together. The omega pressed a kiss on his sweaty forehead, and Fundy could feel the warmth of his lips and breath on his hot skin, "Those who have hurt me, are dead."

"This..." Furious golden eyes met calmed forest green ones.

"A scum who betrayed his emperor," Dream's face twitched but his fractions remained unshaken, "He's dead."

"Did it hurt?" Fundy traced over the rough skin, feeling the uneven surface with gentleness in his touch. Yet his eyes remained incensed, and his brows furrowed with thought.

"If I said no, would you believe me?"

Fundy's jaw clenched at the question. The worst injury he ever had wasn't even fatal and he had cried badly. His older brother enjoyed showing off his skills, and in one of those showcases, he accidentally lost grip of the sword and it cut through Fundy's arm. The panic of the moment pushed him to tears and the burning pain of the injury only made it worse. But seeing the hundreds of scars littered in Dream's body like a grim artwork, his past pain reduced to nothingness in his mind.

"Out of everyone, why did you choose me?" Fundy asked instead, not daring to look at his husband's eyes as his gaze fixed on the huge scar. He asked himself that question many times before, but he still couldn't figure it out.

"Because I want you," Dream's tone deepened as his hands cradled ginger locks with care, "I want you, Fundy."

"I don't have an admirable reputation, nor incredible beauty, and my status as a prince is just an empty title, I am useless." Speaking out the truth was way easier than he expected, but swallowing down his own words felt the same as swallowing bitter rocks.

"If all I wanted was reputation and status, I wouldn't have murdered my last three *husbands*." The way Dream referred to his past consorts sounded bad, and the fox-hybrid couldn't grasp where the difference laid but there indeed was a difference compared to the gentleness of Dream's tone when he called Fundy his husband.

"But—"

"I am committing you my chastity tonight and you're doubting my love. Fundy, you're so cruel."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, this is bad. Fundy cursed internally when his cock twitched with interest yet guilt compressed his chest. He just didn't know how to react with the usual impassive emperor breaking down with a soft whimper and a terribly adorable pout. He reached out to hold the slim waist, pulling the other closer to his chest to hug him tightly, ignoring the thin layer of sweat in their bodies. He moved his head aside, smiling softly when Dream sniffled and pressed his nose in the fox-hybrid's scent gland, inhaling the aroused smell of smoked forests that matched his own floral caramel scent so perfectly.

"Now, now, this is our wedding night, isn't it?" Dream spoke up after a brief moment. Slowly, he separated from his husband's body and raised his head to look at him with a playful smile. As if he wasn't on the verge of tears some minutes ago.

The omega took Fundy's hands away from his waist and moved aside. In a torturously slow pace, he removed Fundy's last pieces of clothing and threw them aside with his own. The fox-hybrid smiled smugly when Dream gulped at the sight of his exposed cock dripping precum. He didn't have previous experiences to compare, but seeing the hesitation flashing through Dream's eyes, he could infer one or two things.

"Ah~ It won't fit on my mouth." Fundy gritted his teeth at the instant mental image of Dream's swollen lips around his cocks, cheeks flushed and mouth full of nothing but him—

"I guess I'll have to use my *other* hole," Dream's teasing tone brought him back to reality in time to see him sitting over him. Smooth skin pressed on his hardness and his breathing stopped. Attentively, Fundy watched how the blond hovered over him, one hand pressed on his shoulder as

his brows furrowed in concentration, biting down his lower lip, and then, Dream dropped down.

Fuck.

Fundy gripped the bedding below him, clenching his jaw at the tightness engulfing him. The warm, clamping walls around his cock overwhelmed him, and the loud shameless moan Dream let out once he bottomed out pushed him closer to his edge. The fox-hybrid knew his cheeks were burning red. All the blood in his body pumped fast and it made him dizzy for a moment.

"Fundy." Once again, Dream's shaky but soft tone slowly guided him back to reality. Fundy could feel his hand guided by the blond's all the way up to the omega's stomach. His eyes focused slowly as his hand pressed on soft skin, but instead of the flat abdomen he expected, there was a slight bump.

"You're so huge," Dream spoke with a shaky breath, raising himself up before pushing down again. Both of them watched concentratedly how the bump moved inside of the omega. Fundy's hybrid ear twitched with interest and he froze, realizing that his hybrid part had erupted without his permission once again. But that thought was pushed away when Dream slammed down on his cock, mewling at the roughness of his own movements.

"I feel so full, ah, I'm going to explode," Dream mumbled out, eyes blurred with unshed tears as he rocked his hips down harshly. He didn't restrain the loud noise created deep from his throat when the Fundy's tip rubbed the bundle of nerves inside of him. It sent shivers down his spine and he bit down his lower lip, gathering all his strengths to lift himself up slowly, enjoying the sensation of the length spreading him wide before slamming down brutally.

"Dream, I won't last long," Fundy groans out with a bruising grip around the omega's waist. He moved up every time Dream slammed down, moaning at the sensations while taking a good look at the blond's face. His golden locks stuck out from his previous elegant bun messily, forest eyes shining with blissful tears, cheeks blushed an adorable pink as he bit down his abused lower lip, a bit harsher and it might bleed.

"Then, fill me up with your cum, *pup*," Dream's plump lips curved in a tired, yet teasing smile as he leaned forward, catching Fundy's lips in a wet kiss. With their constant pleased sounds, it was way too messy to be considered a kiss, but the feelings of Dream's soft lips close to his own and the heat of his chest pressed against his own *burned* and pushed him to his edge.

Fundy gripped the skin harder, definitely leaving bruises but he focused on pushing himself in the wet heat, feeling it engulf him completely while he *finally* released. The clenching around his cock overwhelmed him and he could still feel Dream moving slowly, tightening around him until he milked out completely.

"Ah~ that was a big load," Dream commented with a breathless voice. He remained still, feeling impossibly fuller now with *his* alpha's cum. The thought alone made his inner omega rejoice. But his cock remained pressed between their stomachs, aching with the need for release. He reluctantly pulled out, watching thick strips of cum dripping down his thighs while feeling Fundy's strong grip still on his waist.

The emperor who always knew what to say and what to do suddenly remained speechless and doubtful of what to do. Should he jerk himself off? Should he ask Fundy to do it? Wait no, that sounds selfish—

"Ah!" Dream jolted but remained in place with Fundy's arm firmly holding him down. Two fingers rubbed his sore rim before opening it, spreading it apart like a pair of scissors. Fundy's warm breath brushed against his neck as he peeked from Dream's shoulder, watching his own cum flow out of the abused hole. And for the first time in a while, Dream felt embarrassed. His flushed cheeks somehow burned hotter and he stammered, incapable of deciding what to say or what to do with his husband's intense gaze fixed on his dripping hole.

"Wha—what are you doing?!" Dream panicked when the pair of fingers rubbed against his sore rim rather harshly, making him shiver and bite down a moan.

"You aren't satisfied yet," Fundy stated firmly even when his heart pounded violently in his chest. His instincts as an alpha demanded him to satisfy *his* omega, to fill him up with his cum, and fuck him until he's unable to go on.

"I— I— don't tease!" Dream mumbled out, letting out a broken moan when both fingers entered him in a shamefully easy way. He couldn't pull himself to say a coherent word while Fundy's fingers twisted experimentally, pushing deeper and pressing around until his fingertips rubbed his prostate. Dream's eyes widened in surprise and he gripped the alpha's shoulders tightly to hold his own shivering body.

"Wait!" Dream whined loudly, eyes shutting down as the unshed tears finally spilled over his warm cheeks. His breath hitched at the growing stimulation, the constant rubbing against his prostate grew from a soft rubbing to direct abuse of it, pushing him to his edge until he broke down in whines.

"You're enjoying it, aren't you? You're clenching around my fingers so nicely. But this isn't enough for you, am I right? You won't be satisfied until I fill you up to the brim, pump you so full with my cum, until you're full with *my* pups."

Dream tensed at the fox-hybrid's dominant tone and bold remarks, and he whined needily, feeling himself losing control over the situation as Fundy's fingers abused his prostate. He was not used to losing control and he hated when it happened, but this was different with Fundy holding him firmly while fingering him mercilessly and saying such dirty remarks that made his inner omega happy. It felt unexpectedly amazing. And then, it fucking *stopped*.

Dream whined when his lover's movements stilled, breaking him out of his bliss and neglecting him from his longed orgasm. He could feel the hot tears searing their way down his cheeks and he sniffled. His entire body burned with arousal and his cock twitched with need.

Fundy's brain short-circuited at the sight of fluffy ears popping out in Dream's head, matching the golden tone of his hair. They looked smaller than Fundy's, without inner fur, and still appeared so soft and adorable. At that moment, something caught Fundy's attention; a golden-colored tail flicked quickly behind Dream, a clear display of his impatience. The floral scent with a hint of caramel blared up to a heated caramel, drizzling over Fundy's smoky forest scent.

Dream whined impatiently once more time when the digits slipped out of his sore hole. Everything felt so bad; his back had begun to hurt from all the rough treatment plus the stress of that day and his still hard cock leaked messily in his *empty* stomach. The omega cursed loudly, ignoring Fundy's protest as he moved away from him and laid down in bed, finding some relief for his back pain.

Holy shit. Fundy wasn't sure if he had said it out loud, but he sure meant it. The image of his husband's naked body laying on white sheets, legs spread to reveal his pink hole *still* dripping his

previous load, and with forming bruises in the shape of Fundy's hand in his slim waist made his heart skip a beat. Furthermore, his cat hybrids' ears pressed flat against his head, his neglected cock looking painfully hard laying over his flat stomach and his teary forest eyes stared at Fundy's directly, making his breath hitch with the demand in them. And yet, Dream *pouted* at him, making a low, whimpering sound that stirred his alpha instincts.

"Fundy, please— I need you, now!" Dream whimpered, demanding like a spoiled brat but Fundy was a weak man who loved his omega.

"I'm right here, kitty." He soothed, shifting his weight in his knees and leaning down to his husband's face. Carefully, he brushed away his tears and pressed a kiss in his nose. He slid his hands through Dream's inner thighs, feeling the small layer of fat covering strong muscles. He stopped when he reached his inner knees and he bent them over the omega's stomach. Fundy did it slowly, making sure Dream had the time to adjust and process the sudden change of position but it wasn't a challenge for the omega's godly flexibility.

The position they were in was unholy, but their lust-filled mind didn't mind it. Dream's stomach twisted with anticipation when the fox-hybrid's tip poked on his hole and he *squealed* when Fundy plunged in. It caught him off guard, his mind blanked for a second before it erupted in bliss, waves of pleasure washed over him with each thrust accompanied with a wet sound from the slick running down his tights and staining the sheets below.

Dream's nail sank in the bedsheet, tearing the soft fabric. Fundy's grip stayed tight in the back of his knees, his uneven breathing against his chest as he leaned in to suck in his nipples while he pounded into him *hard*. For the first time in his life, Dream felt glad he couldn't control the situation, he allowed himself to be vulnerable, to be weak in Fundy's hold as the man forced out all kinds of shameful screams and cries out of him.

"Fuck, you make the cutest sounds with that pretty mouth of yours." Fundy's voice sounded husky, but he didn't couldn't pull himself to care as he rammed inside the warm hole. He could feel it clench more and more until Dream cried out loudly before remaining silent for a moment and then, whimpered and gasped, trying to catch his breath as Fundy still thrustured into him. At first, the sensation pushed him further into bliss as Dream slowly finished, but it soon turned overwhelming.

The omega sobbed, but he didn't ask his lover to stop. The room shifted around him and his head felt dizzy from the recent orgasm and the sudden change of positions. His nose pressed on soft skin and he closed his eyes, focusing on inhaling the smoky forest scent off his *alpha's* scent gland while whimpering with every sharp thrust. He yelped at a particularly harsh one, but Fundy pulled him down, sinking himself completely into Dream as he came with a groan and pulled his husband closer to his chest.

Dream stayed still for a long moment, hearing Fundy's shaky breathing over his head as he pressed his nose into the alpha's scent gland. He enjoyed the feeling of safety that surrounded him with the fox-hybrid arms wrapping him close to his chest, softened dick still inside of him while his hands caressed his hair and cat-like ears. He purred, out of instincts rather than intentionally, but it felt right at the moment, with Fundy holding him close.

What surprised him was the more guttural purr he received as a response, but Dream soon smiled at it, melting away in his husband's embrace while purring contently and feeling the vibrations in Fundy's chest each time he responded with his own purr.

George's bi-colored eyes stared blankly at Dream's passing figure. The omega had changed his emperor's attire to a simpler one he used when training. He seemed even more energetic than usual, running around to warm up before beginning his agility exercises. Once the emperor's figure ran far enough, the brunette turned to face his other three friends and his friend's husband.

"Congratulations for the baby!" George beamed with a wide smile, giving the fox-hybrid a pat on his back that felt bone-crushing.

"The what?!" Fundy screeched, both from surprise and from the sudden hit on this back. He had misjudged the brunette man's strength.

"That means– holy shit, I'm going to be an uncle!" Ant laughed loudly, patting Fundy on his shoulder a *little* harder than necessary.

"You guys really enjoyed yourselves..." Bad added, rubbing the back of his neck as he looked at everywhere but Fundy's face.

"You horny fox, I'm going to rip your dick off," Sapnap approached him, right hand reaching out for the sword he always kept on his back.

The fox-hybrid forced out a nervous laugh, eyes flicking everywhere to try and find a way to get out of this situation when a loud scream caught the group's attention. All of them turned around in time to see Dream squealing with excitement as he leaped down a tall platform. Their heart skipped a beat when the omega reached out to grab a rope just in time to avoid falling directly face down on the ground. And just when they managed to breathe out in relief, Dream had already climbed up the next *taller* platform.

The baby!

Chapter End Notes

If you didn't understand the scene of the gift, here's more context: in ancient China, the groom's family will send betrothal gifts to the bride's as a sign of good luck and fortune. A lady would marry into a man's household and would be considered part of his family, and that's what Dream implied with the remark of "You're marrying into *my* palace". Was this necessary for the plot? No. Did I add it because I enjoy seeing a confused screeching Fundy? Yup.

Anyways, I hope this fits the expectations of who requested it, or if not, then I hope you enjoyed it at least. Don't forget to comment, comments are my fuel to write. Stay hydrated and take care, have a nice day/night! <3

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